

PITTSBURG, PA. GIRLS ON A RAMPAGE.

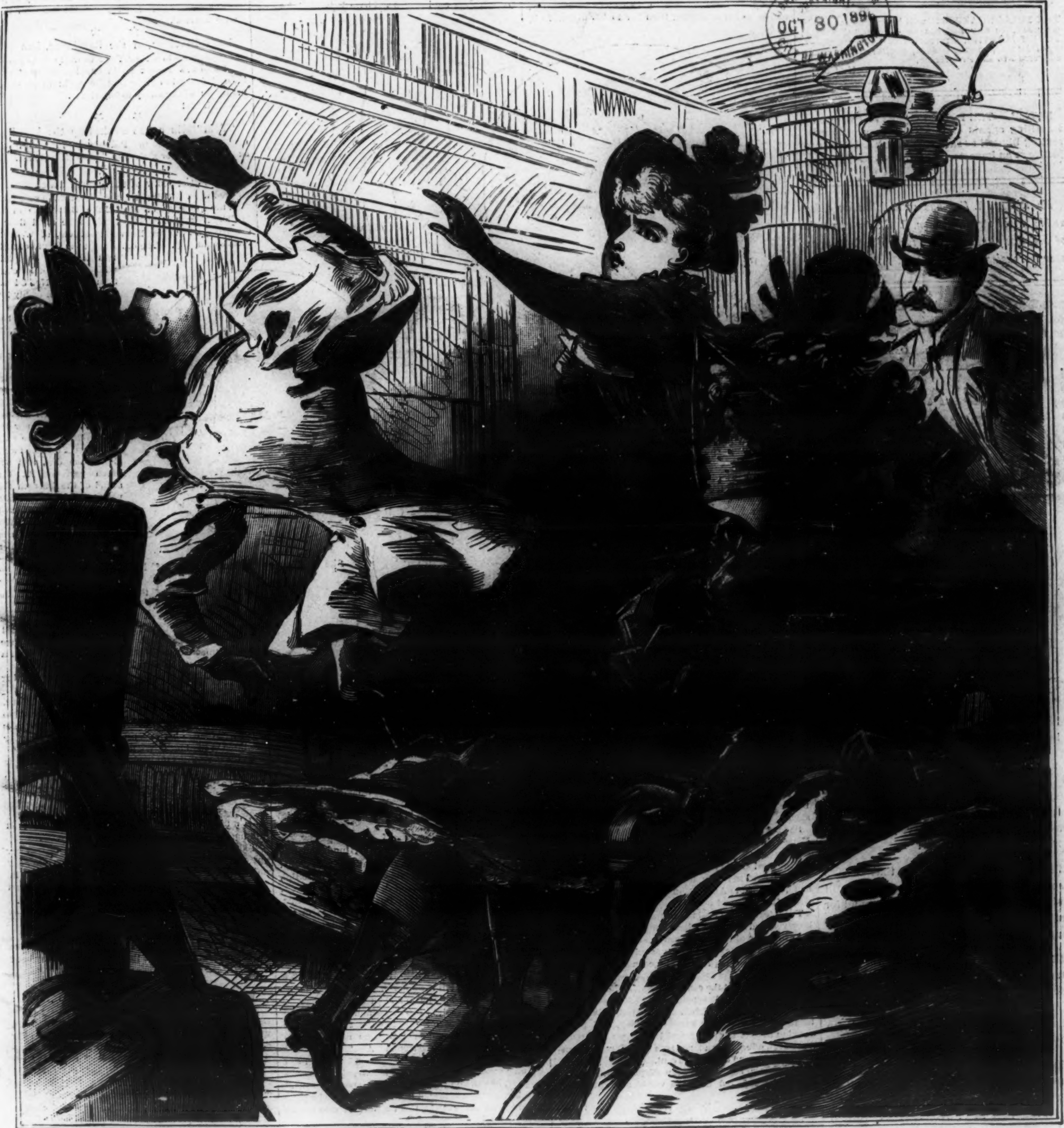
THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

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LILLIAN TO THE RESCUE.

THE COMIC OPERA QUEEN PREVENTS A CHORUS GIRL FROM SUICIDING, NEAR DAYTON, O.



ESTABLISHED 1846.

RICHARD K. FOX, . . . Editor and Proprietor.

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RICHARD K. FOX.

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the Winner.

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Contest Closes January 1, 1897.

THE idiot with a gun has created a sensation in St. Louis, Mo. Fortunately, with the last shot in his revolver he killed himself.

LITTLE Anna Held, of the Herald Square Theatre, had her picture printed in the papers the other day because she stopped a runaway horse. Those who love puns are saying that Anna Held the horse.

THEY are still talking about that 1,000th souvenir issue, and the presses are still running—think of it—to supply the demand for extra copies. When the POLICE GAZETTE issues a supplement it is well worth having.

THE crack-a-jack drink mixers of the country have been put on their mettle by the POLICE GAZETTE's offer of a valuable prize for the one who has the most coupons to his credit. The man who doesn't get into the game cannot have many friends.

THOSE Pittsburg girls are a pretty fast lot, and they have established a precedent by going on a strike. They were willing to hang around the parlors of a famous—or rather, infamous—house until all hours of the morning, and drink with every "papa" and chappie who came along, but they couldn't stand bad dinners. Who could?

MASKS AND FACES.

Miss Josie Jordan's Remarkable Physical Development.

IS A FLYING TRAPEZIST.

A Couple of Hard Luck Stories About Very Well-Known Folks.

FAMED EVELYN ON DECK AGAIN.

One of the most remarkable young women in New York at the present time—from a physical standpoint—is Josie Jordan, who is a prominent member of the gymnastic troupe known as the flying Jordans, just now playing something like a star engagement at Koster & Bial's. She has a muscular development that is almost abnormal for a girl of sixteen years old—that is all she is. She is an artist in her own particular line and to see her do three somersaults while flying through the air is enough to take one's breath away, and to see her skimming from bar to bar like a sleek,

record when her husband killed a man on her account. Everyone knows where he is now, and she has been whooping it up ever since the sentence. She was arrested again the other night, and she had a hot argument with the officer who took her into custody. In the court the next morning, where she made an unusually good appearance, she said to the judge:

"Let me go and I will go to Chicago. It was my cussedness, pure cussedness—just as the officer has said. Please, Judge, let me go. I intend to go to Chicago tomorrow. Be lenient with me and I will trouble you never again."

She felt she could inflict no greater penalty on herself than going to Chicago, but the stern justice thought differently, for he fined her \$3, which she didn't happen to have at the time.

And now Johnstone Bennett!

She dove from the legitimate into vaudeville, and of course she made a hit, but she is evidently after new sensations, or else she feels that she isn't getting advertising enough for the announcement has been made, via Assistant Manager Lloyd, of Proctor's Pleasure Palace, that Miss Bennett, at the conclusion of her present engagement, enters a convent in France. Miss Bennett says it's the loveliest convent she ever was in, and she is evidently reaching for new sensations.

May she get them?

Madge Ellis, who is too well known in New York to need any introduction, and who is now in London making a three-ply hit, is suing the Purity League of that city for \$75,000. The representatives of the League have been before the London County Council in the effort to prevent the renewal of music hall licenses, and declared that Miss Ellis, who was singing at the Oxford, appeared in socks and bare legs. This impres-

sionist that she was rarely able to appear more than five times a week. She tried all sorts of tonics but without success. Finally, Managers Klaw and Erlanger decided that a large dose of successful understudy might prove effective, so they engaged Miss Dorothy Neville, a post graduate of "Evangeline," to study her part, and at Worcester the other day when Miss Dressler was too ill to appear, Miss Neville succeeded in making a hit. The effect was magical. Before the next performance Miss Dressler was feeling so well that she said if she felt any better she couldn't stand it.

And to think that Bessie Bellwood, who was once the queen of the London music halls, left only \$315. But then she had the pleasure of knowing before she died that her earnings had passed into lordly hands, if that was any consolation.

The irrepressible Hammerstein has broken out again and he is going to do all sorts of things to his big Olympia. He is going to send the vaudeville show to the roof, and from the conclusion of the show until about 2 A. M. there will be given a bal champetre similar to that given at the Jardin de Paris, Casino de Paris and Moulin Rouge. There will be an orchestra of thirty-five pieces and a special troupe of French dancers, who will duplicate here the midnight scenes from the music halls of the French capital. The centre of the large roof will be cleared for dancing, and the public can participate if so inclined.

Hot stuff, eh?

Any mention of Dressler always reminds me of her little affair with that Cuban marquis, who became so popular that he was known on Broadway as plain Don. Don always claimed he got the worst of it, but that is doubtful.

Lona Barrison, of the Barrisons, has made her appearance in a New York court, to help her husband who was brought up in supplementary proceedings. It is good to know that she lets him have enough money out of her salary to buy cigars.

Good Lona!

"Tom" Miner has worked up the best business of the season at the People's Theatre. The managerial instinct certainly runs in the Miner blood.

This is the story of the parrot which was interfered with. This particular parrot was a sage green bird, the property of Miss Julie Baird, the artist's model. Next door to Miss Baird, on the third floor of the Griswold, live the Beaumont Sisters, of Weber & Field's company. The other night the Beaumont Sisters lodged a complaint with the hotel clerk.

Somebody in No. 54 had been using unseemly language. Miss Baird was remonstrated with, but promptly replied that she did not swear nor was she in the habit of talking to herself. While Miss Baird was at the theatre on Saturday night the bell boys were set to watch the language which issued from 54. They knew for a certainty that the only occupants of the room were Bipho, the dog, and the green parrot. At the sound of the first oath the parrot was taken into custody and removed downstairs. When Miss Baird came home she found her bird, still under bond and looking very dejected, in the office. While the clerk was explaining the bird's arrest the three

the circumstances of the Beaumont Sisters arrived.

For ten minutes the parrot was the only thing in the vicinity that didn't talk. Miss Baird had just succeeded in convincing the hotel clerk that the parrot's persiflage was as immaculate as Lindley Murray's, when with a flap of his wings the bird shrieked out:

"Dudie, Ethel, what t'ell are you girls talking about?"

"There!" shouted the Beaumont Sisters, in chorus. "Didn't we tell you that bird would bring the blush to the cheek of modesty wherever the English language is spoken? Choose between us, the bird in your hand or we three in the bush. We leave or it leaves. See?"

So the parrot was thrown out ignominiously and now is living in the retirement of a Sixth avenue restaurant, where he picks his oaths with an occasional "One Adam and Eve on a raft" and "Draw two!"

It's strange how actresses will persist in talking shop.

Teddie du Coe, whose dazzling teeth are one of her greatest attractions, rushed to her dentist the other day in agony. One of her wisdom teeth was ulcerated. The dentist, who, by the way, was the same man who had supplied her with the most dazzling of her front teeth, told her that there was nothing for it but to pull the tooth.

"Very well, doctor," remarked Teddie, with a sigh, as she removed the plate. "I suppose I'd better take out my orchestra chairs, so that you can get at my back rows."

Womanlike, Viola Allen, of the Empire Theatre Stock Company, discusses the financial question in this way: "But I prefer paper money. You see, when a woman has a lot of silver or gold, it makes her gown sag and her pockets bulge. I think if the president of the United States would make it a law to have only paper money in circulation, and use gold and silver just simply for jewelry, the American woman would enjoy carrying money around more, and would have more jewelry to wear. But I would not care to argue the matter personally with Mr. Bryan."

POPULAR STAGE BEAUTIES. Lillian Russell, Mrs. Le-lie Carter, Cissy Fitzgerald, etc. Cabinet photos, in tight and costume, 10 cents each. Send 5-cent stamp for list. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.



Some Think She Has a Suicidal Tendency.

bright-plumaged little bird, to see her swung to and fro like a human pendulum by her older fellow-gymnasts, and finally alight—elastic, glowing, keen and bounding upon the big stage, is like getting a sharp breath of ozone after being in a fever hospital.

Misfortune seems to be treading very closely of late on the heels of some stage favorites, and there are any number of unusual hard luck stories floating about. Louise von Lindau, an unusually pretty and clever German actress, made her second attempt at suicide recently by cutting into her wrist with a keen ink eraser. She says, of course, that it was an accident and that she didn't want to die, and as she is pretty enough to want to live that seems quite probable. Miss von Lindau's advent in New York was made about six years ago when she came from Erie, Pa. She claimed at that time to be the widow of a German nobleman, and as she was pretty and had a good figure, she found no difficulty in securing a theatrical engagement.

She played leading parts in "Nanon," "As In a Looking Glass" and other productions. She possessed about \$10,000, was ambitious to shine as a star, and thought that her wealth would enable her to do so.

As is too often the case, her ambition was sadly realized, for after organizing a company she played but a brief engagement on the road and returned a bankrupt.

After that she appeared at several concert halls and roof gardens, and finally determined to abandon the stage.

She got married and with her husband went abroad. None of her friends ever knew who had won the fair actress.

The marriage did not prove to be a happy one, and Louise longed to return to the stage. She left her husband, returned to America and secured an engagement with a German road company.

The fates seemed against her success on the stage, however, and she again failed.

At the close of her last season she went to Erie, Pa., and secured employment as a typewriter. After a few weeks she grew tired of that occupation and again sought this city.

It is asserted that the cause of Miss Lindau's wish to go on the stage was disappointment in love.

After she made her debut, it is said that her lover furnished her with large sums of money, and finally growing tired of her unsuccessful attempts to become an actress, offered her a large sum of money to abandon the stage and enter a convent.

The actress has lately been despondent, and her friends have feared that she would attempt suicide again.

And there are others.

Evelyn Granville Webster, for instance, who made a

\$100 DIAMOND LOCKET Or Gold Watch FREE to the most popular bartender. Read coupon on page 2, this issue. Then start your friends hustling to roll up votes. All bartenders should enter this contest.

JOSIE JORDAN.

A Sixteen-Year-Old Acrobatic Wonder With Nothing But Muscles.

sion, apparently, was made by her double-decked hoistery, the upper half of light, sometimes flesh color, and the lower half of some dark design.

Of course Madge wouldn't do such a horrible thing. The worst she ever did in New York was to rip a hole in the knee of her stocking and start the chappies guessing.

Dainty and charming Fanny Bloodgood has made a pronounced hit in "A Night at the Circus," that amazing mixture of bright comedy and arenic novelties, which appeared at the Grand Opera House last week. She is undoubtedly H. Grattan Donnelly's ideal Electra. Miss Bloodgood appears to special advantage in the second act, where her burlesque tragedy scenes, enacted together with that clever comedian, J. H. Bradbury, have made one of the hits of the comedy.

Bessie Bonehill, while at Weber & Field's Broadway Music Hall the other night, announced that she had deserted comic opera and burlesque forever.

"You see," she said, "I can make more money doing my specialties and don't have to work for twenty-five minutes a night, instead of two hours and a half, as when on the road with the troupe. Another advantage is that I don't have to play one-night stands, but I can lay off a week without the least inconvenience to anybody. The vaudeville stage is good enough for me." Considering the number of legitimate actors who have taken to vaudeville lately, this view of the case has its allurements for the player.

Reports from the road announce that Miss Marie Dressler, of "The Lady Slavey" company, is enjoying exceptionally good health just now. Last season at the Casino Miss Dressler was such an invalid

SHE WAS AN OUTLAW.

Death of a Woman Who Became Famous as a Robber.

WORE MEN'S CLOTHING.

Romance of the Lover Who Went to Jail To Save Her Liberty.

AFTER THAT SHE REFORMED.

There are very few people near Butte, Mont., who did not know Helen Forsland, alias Kate Evans, who was once a famous woman bandit, and who has just died in Chicago, after having repented.

It is reported that the woman died from the effects of poison administered by her own hand. What had come over her to cause her to commit suicide no one knows.

In telling her life story the other day a well-known detective said: "Helen Forsland was one of the most noted characters that ever haunted the Western States, and was implicated in stage robberies in Idaho, Oregon, Washington, Montana and California. She went for many years attired in man's clothing, with her hair cut short and, having a masculine voice, it was never suspected that she was a woman. Her personality was that of a keen-witted and desperate man, ready to take any chances to gain a point. She had a full chest, thin lips, small piercing gray eyes, which were quick and restless, and a determined look.

"Though her features were coarse she was not a bad-looking woman and had a respectable appearance as a man. She stood about five feet nine inches, was of medium build, rather angular in form and presented the picture of a well-developed and sinewy man. Strange to say, after all her rough life, her hands were still symmetrical and were more feminine than masculine.

"Her life was of the border ruffian type, full of incidents that would fill a hundred dime novels with tales of daring deeds, yet with it mingled the prettiest bit of romance of how her sweetheart sacrificed himself for her and is now serving out a life sentence in the San Quentin prison because of his devotion. He pleaded guilty to a crime which she claimed she had committed. She, the guilty one, terrible in character, was touched by his faithfulness and began to muse on the step which he had taken for her sake. While thus meditating she was in the prison at Butte and one day there appeared in her dark cell a woman calling the prisoner to repentance. It was Maj. Halpin of the Salvation Army.

"That sounds like the voice of my mother," she said. Then and there the hoarse voice of the hardened criminal melted away into childish accents and she made a vow that thereafter she would lead a Christian life and do all in her power to have her sweetheart released from the penitentiary. The conversion of the notorious woman created a great sensation all along the Pacific coast. Her sincerity of purpose won her favor with the police authorities, and they let her alone, although she had confessed to numerous robberies. From the time she emerged from that prison, soon after her conversion, she carried the Salvation banner through the streets of Portland, Butte, Helena and many other cities, and shouted hallojahs with as much fervor as the other ladies.

"The crime for which she almost went to the penitentiary was that of robbing a stage coach near Helena about six years ago. She and a man had committed the robbery, and were captured. It was while in prison this time that the officials discovered that she was a woman. Her lover, Archie Niederlinghaus, came forward with a confession, which was believed, the woman and her accomplice were acquitted and the lover now languishes in prison. She made a partial confession herself, but it was not believed, and she went free."

One of the women who knew her after she had reformed said:

"This was one of the most remarkable changes of which I have ever heard. It created a good deal of comment because it turned out that the woman had such a sweet and lovable character. We talked about her because the officers had a good deal of trouble with her. She had been accustomed to a roving and rough life so long that she did not know how to act. She sat like a man, and it was hard to get her to change. We sometimes laughed to ourselves because she was so clumsy, but we made her think she was getting along very well."

MAX UNGER.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Attila enjoys the distinction of having developed nine-tenths of the strong men who are now touring the world as specialists. Sandow is one of those and much of the latter's success is due to Attila and his methods. Max Unger, a boy seventeen years old, is now Attila's principal pupil. Unger can already perform prodigious feats of strength, all the more remarkable on account of his extreme youth. At his academy at 49 West Twenty-eighth street, New York, Attila has all the modern appliances for physical culture, and his class of pupils now comprises strong men from all parts of the country.

PRAISES FOR THE SUPPLEMENT.

FAIRHAVEN, MASS., Bristol Co., Oct. 22, 1896.

MR. R. K. FOX—Dear Sir: Knowing as I do the bar-

send you these coupons simply to let you know that such a person exists, and that for the past twenty-five years, since I have resided here, I have been a constant reader of the POLICE GAZETTE, and this week especially was favored with a souvenir, containing not only your portrait but also your whole staff, which is very handsome and the illustrations are well rendered, which reflects great credit to you as well as your valuable sporting paper. Yours truly,

CHAS. H. ROBINSON,
Fairhaven, Bristol Co., Mass.

ABE ULLMAN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Over in Baltimore they have a middleweight whose chief claim to recognition as a pugilist lies in the fact that he once stood before Kid McCoy for a limited number of rounds and put up a good fight. He styles himself the middleweight champion of the South, and as no one has appeared to dispute his title there seems some foundation for the justification of his claim. Ullman is a tall, well-proportioned man, fairly clever, and possessed of good ring judgment.

RAGE OF A DESERTED WOMAN

Shot at the Man Who She Says Induced Her to Leave Hubby.

A big, heavyweight woman, with a square, determined jaw, walked into the office of a business man on Madison avenue, Chicago, a few days ago, and without any preliminary handshaking pulled out a revolver and began shooting. When a policeman arrived, a few moments later, he found them both struggling for the possession of the weapon. The woman was fast getting the better of the man when the law interfered.

The couple were taken to the Central station, but the woman was subsequently removed to the Harrison street annex. Both of them were reticent after the arrest as to the causes that led to the attempt at murder. The man's eyes were artistically adorned with a combination of purple and ecru.

The woman told the officer that she was the wife of a well-to-do business man until she met the prisoner. He induced her to leave her husband and live with him. A year ago she gave birth to a child of which he was the father, but since then he had thrown her over. She visited him at his office to get some reparation, and was met with a rebuff that ended in the



shooting and the fight. After making this statement the woman tried to again attack the man, and it took the united efforts of three policemen to keep her away from him.

GOOD WORDS FROM A BUTTE MAN.

BUTTE, MONT., Oct. 20, '96.

RICHARD K. FOX—Dear Sir: The souvenir supplement of the POLICE GAZETTE has caught the town and everyone says that it is the finest thing that ever happened. I am going to have my copy framed.

Permit me to say there is no room in this town for any weekly sporting and sensational paper outside of the POLICE GAZETTE, and Butte sends best wishes. Very truly yours,

ALBERT J. MOORE.

SOCIETY GIRLS AS WAITRESSES.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The waiter girls of the Colonade Hotel at S. Paul, Minn., went on a strike the other afternoon because the management would not increase their wages at a moment's notice, so half the women guests turned to when dinner was announced and waited on the tables themselves. It was a novel experience but they all seemed to enjoy it.

Jim Johnson, a Western negro middleweight, wants to box Joe Godfrey, who is getting gray haired.

The Fastime Athletic Club, of New York, with the energy for which it is noted, is first in the field with the announcement of an amateur boxing tournament. It is probable that throughout the winter this club will hold monthly boxing and wrestling tournaments for amateurs. The first one scheduled will be held in the club house, preliminaries on Thursday, Nov. 13, and finals on Saturday, Nov. 14. Amateur Athletic Union rules will govern. There will be boxing at the following weights, open to all amateurs: Feather, 115 pounds or under; special, 130 pounds or under, and special, 140 pounds or under. The wrestling will be for a special class, 150 pounds to be the outside weight limit.

ONE OF FOLLY'S QUEENS!

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EXTRA!

CREEDON WON ON POINTS

Baker Took a Terrible Punching for Twenty Rounds.

IT WAS A ONE-SIDED AFFAIR

The Australian Knocked Down By a Swinging Right-hand Blow.

HURST'S DECISION WAS ALL RIGHT

Dan Creedon's inability to win a decisive victory over Harry Baker before the expiration of twenty rounds was due, not so much to any lack of skill, cleverness or punching ability on his part, but chiefly to Baker's marvelous capacity to withstand punishment. From a comparative standpoint as exponents of the boxer's art, the Australian was a veritable giant. During the battle he administered enough



WAS A WOMAN, AFTER ALL.

The Sex of a Noted Border Bandit Discovered in the Prison.

punishment to Baker to have settled the pugilistic pretensions of almost anybody, but while the latter escaped but few of the blows that Creedon delivered, many of which were presumably effective enough to have decided the honors, Baker was on his feet when the gong sounded at the expiration of the twenty rounds, and fighting back harder than he did during the earlier stages of the encounter.

Creedon's work was a symphony in red. He had Baker bleeding at nose and mouth and his body punched into a pulp, but, try as he would he could not end the affair in the manner desired. On one hand the spectators were treated to an exhibition of boxing by a past-master of the art, and, on the other hand, one of the greatest displays of gameness ever known in the history of modern pugilism.

Baker demonstrated the fact that his knowledge of scientific fighting is limited in detail. He is what might be called a chance fighter, relying solely upon the effectiveness of a swinging right-hand punch, the result of which, if it lands, is disastrous. Creedon gave every evidence of having a wholesome respect for his opponent's right, and the effect of guarding his jaw from Baker's decisive punch was shown by a badly bruised and damaged shoulder, which had been thrown up to receive it.

The fight on the whole was a disappointment. Had Baker gone in for "mixing it" a decision would probably have been reached in the third round. Both were then weak and the tide of battle might have been turned with very little effort on the part of either man, Creedon's condition enabled him to recuperate quickly and he took advantage of this to wallop the Chicagoan

good and hard, but the effort was useless and Baker managed to pull through the fight, badly damaged but as they say in sporting parlance "still in the ring."

The affair was held at Maspeth, L. I., under the auspices of the Empire Athletic Club. It was an attractive match and merited better patronage than it received.

There was the usual welcoming applause when Creedon and Baker stepped into the ring with their retinues of attendants to prepare for the fray. The Australian was attended by Sam Fitzpatrick and Benny Murphy, while Harry Tuttle and Danny McMahon were conspicuous in Baker's corner. No weight was stipulated but to all appearances the men would have scaled about 170 pounds. Creedon showed the effects of careful training while his whilom opponent was fat and beefy and, if appearances counted for anything, was in no shape for a long engagement.

While the usual preliminaries were going on in the corners of the men, those of the spectators who had speculative tendencies began betting on the outcome of the affair. The prevailing odds were 100 to 70 in Creedon's favor and even money that it would not last over ten rounds. Few bets were placed even at these generous odds, Baker's admirers evidently not having much confidence in his ability.

After the customary warning by Referee Tim Hurst, the men shook hands, while the spectators propped themselves on the que vive for every detail of what promised to be a short, sharp and decisive engagement.

No time was lost by Creedon in the first round, he broke ground and landed a light blow on the side of Baker's head. Baker clinched, and as they parted company Creedon swung his left on Baker's jaw. Creedon chased Baker all around the ring. He landed a short punch on Creedon's jaw sending him to the floor. The gong sounded for the end of the round while Creedon was on his knees. It looked to the spectators as if the blow was a damaging one, but the agility with which the Australian jumped to his feet, and the smile which illuminated his face as he ran to his corner indicated that no harm had been done. The second round was conspicuous for clever leads which the Australian made. His left glove found its way repeatedly to Baker's face. In the third round Baker tried his right with a vicious swing for the jaw, but the blow was blocked by Creedon's shoulder. One, two, three times Dan's left reached Baker's face, lightly and not damaging. Creedon was cutting out the pace, and it was obvious to the spectators that Baker had no thought other than to whip a right-hand punch on Creedon's jaw, hoping to end the fight in a summary manner in this way. In a short talk-up in the fourth round Baker jabbed his left into Creedon's nose hard enough to bring the blood, while Creedon retaliated with a left on the eye and the right on the wind. He led again, but Baker warily ducked under his arm and the crowd applauded.

In the eighth and ninth rounds Creedon tried to force the issue, and delivered all the punches known to the art, but Baker took them gamely while waiting his opportunity to send "the doctor" home. From this point to the end the fight was uninteresting. It was evident that, barring an accident, Creedon would win on points, and this he did, the referee's decision being greeted with cheers.

The preliminary bout was a ten round affair between Joe Bernstein of New York, and Frank Patterson of Brooklyn, two promising lads in the featherweight division. It was a rough and tumble argument for a few rounds, neither displaying any cleverness, both slugging more or less with a chance of landing a fatal punch. A swift right-hander on Patterson's eye in the first round put the Brooklyn boxer in difficulties. He started to rush Bernstein into the corner and the latter evaded it so cleverly that Patterson dove head foremost through the ropes into the press enclosure. Patterson forced the issue for a couple of rounds, and had a decided lead. In the sixth round Bernstein landed four or five straight leads on the Brooklyn boy's face, the latter then evened things up by fighting his opponent into the corner.

Clever exchanges followed in the seventh and eighth rounds. In the ninth round Bernstein forced the fighting, punching Patterson badly about the head and body. After shaking hands in the last round, Bernstein smashed Patterson on the jaw and short ribs. The latter clinched and when they squared off again swung his right at Bernstein's jaw, but the blow was cleverly stopped. He then shot his left across Bernstein's guard and landed a hard smash on the jaw. They both clinched, Referee Hurst being compelled to go between them. Exchanges were then even and the referee's decision was a draw.

The inclemency of the weather had a depressing effect upon the attendance and, with a few exceptions, the spectators were limited to the old guard of ring followers, comprising among others, Phil and Mike Dwyer, Tom O'Rourke, J. C. Kennedy, Pat Murphy, Martin Julian, Bob Fitzsimmons, Johnny Eckhardt, Jack Adler, Tim Hurst, John Flood, Jack Hermon, Ed Purser, Charley Hosley, Joe Vendig, W. H. Wheelock, Fred Burns, Billy Madden, Steve O'Donnell, Dick Roche, Brooklyn Jimmy Carroll, Pat Powers, Charley Meyers, of Albany; Johnny White, Dick Cook, Steve Butman, Howie Hodgkins, Geo. Eugene, Jack Docherty, Kid McPartland, Walter De Baum, Jim Frawley, Dick Moore, Jim Lavelle, Peter Maher, Buck Connelly, Marcus Mayer, Jim Fitzpatrick, Dick Bennett, Frank Stevenson, Phil Lynch, Tom Fitzpatrick, Sammy Kelly, Tommy West, Jack Groom, Johnny Gorman, Charley Harvey, Maurice Barrymore, Charley Horan, Charley Norton, Pat Farley, Jake Shippey, Teddy Foley, Dolly Lyons, Charley White, Jules Kaufman, Patsy Haley, Harry Croohurst, Fred Voight, Johnny Reagan, Dick Newton, Billy Newman, Charley Genslinger and Billy Donohue.

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PAPINTA.

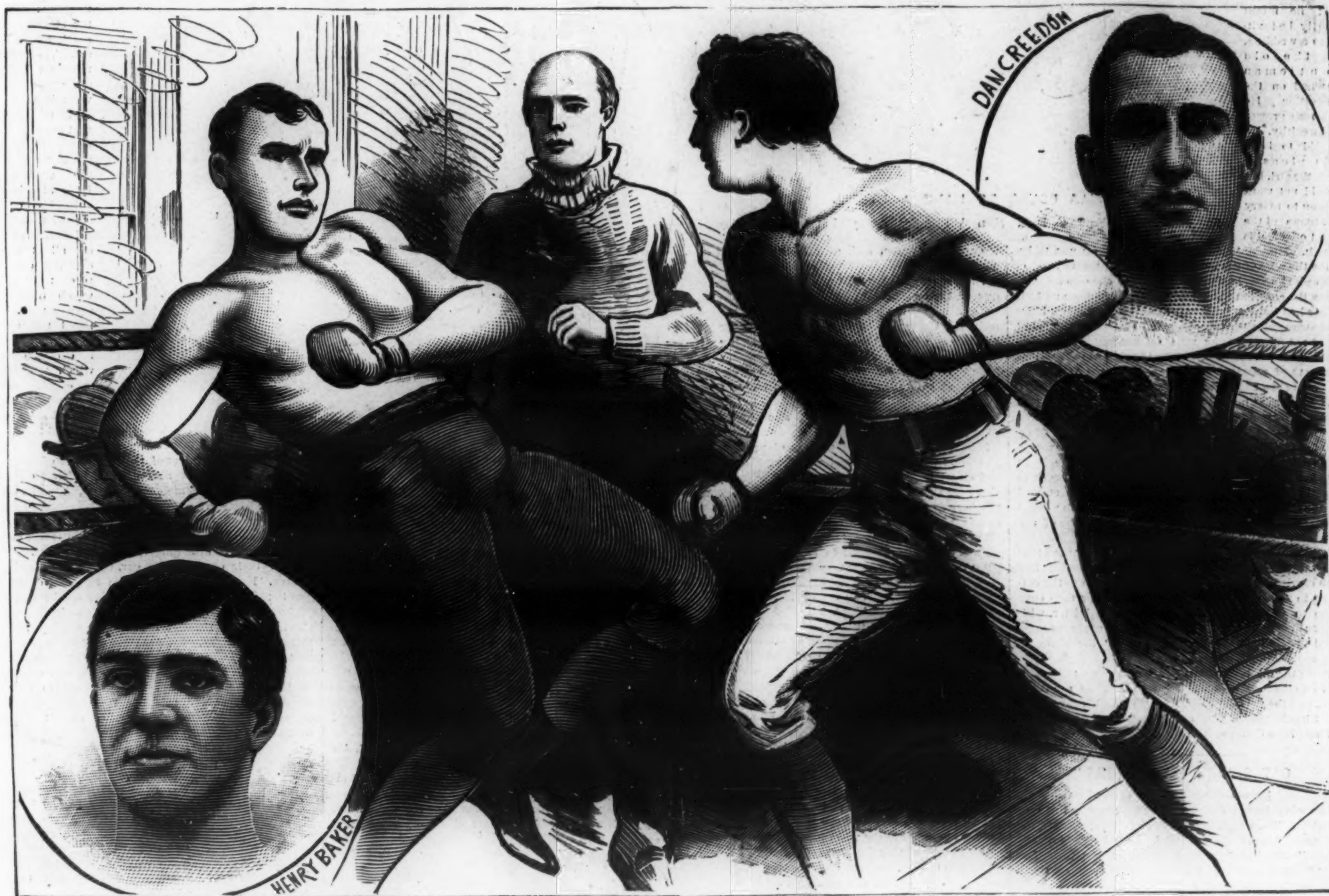
THE BEAUTIFUL MYRIAD DANCER WHO HAS ECLIPSED ALL OTHERS IN HER BRANCH OF ART.



BRANDED WITH A HOT POKER.
HOW A PROMINENT MAN, OF FAIRFIELD, CONN.,
TREATED HIS SISTER-IN-LAW.



BURNING, SHE LEAPED TO THE GROUND.
A GIRL, CAUGHT IN A BURNING HOUSE AT LEWISBURG,
KY., COMPELLED TO JUMP FOR HER LIFE.



DAN CREEDON'S VICTORY OVER BAKER.
TWENTY ROUNDS OF HARD PUNCHING AT MASPETH, L. I., OCT. 23--CREEDON KNOCKED DOWN.

KIDNAPPED HER LOVER.

A New Jersey Girl Who Would Not be Denied a Wedding.

DECIDED TO BE A BRIDE.

So She Had Her Bridegroom Brought in a Carriage to a Minister.

SAID HE HAD HEART DISEASE.

When a woman has set her mind upon getting married there isn't much use denying her, especially if she is a new woman and inclined to have her own way. The facts of this rather unusual marriage, which have just leaked out, make a sensational story, for contrary to all precedent, this time it was the bride who drove up to the house of a prospective groom in Morristown, N. J., in a closed carriage and rode away with him to a minister, by whom they were quickly married.

George Samson is the man in the case. He is about thirty-five years old and has been very ill of late with heart trouble. The malady has affected him for five or six years. About a year ago he was well enough to go to the races at Sheepshead Bay, and while there he met and fell in love with Miss Anna Matthews of Bridgeport. She was well-to-do in her own right. The feeling of interest was mutual, and in a short time they found themselves head over heels in love. Young Samson gave his father an intimation that he might shortly be invited to a wedding, but the old gentleman frowned on the suggestion. He is a rose grower and wealthy. He is said to have been pleased with the girl, but he did not want his son to marry on account of the state of his health. Miss Matthews understood that she was to become the wife of the young man, but got rather tired of the wait she was having. She decided the other day to bring the question to a climax. Young Samson and his father had been staying at the Hotel Brealin, Lake Hopatcong, during the summer. She went there, but could not see the young man on account of his being confined to his room. The idea of being so near to him and yet so far away from him made her very unhappy, so she made a sudden and desperate resolution.

The season at the hotel closed and all the guests went away. The young man was taken to his father's home in Morristown, and Miss Matthews went to live in a hotel at Chatham, which is only a short distance away. She learned that the elder Samson was in the habit of going to New York about three days in the week to attend to business. On Tuesday, after he had started for the city, she drove over from Chatham in a hired carriage, and stopped at the handsome home of the Samsons.

Miss Matthews sent word up to the young man that she wanted him to come along. In a few moments two men carried him out of the house and down to the carriage, in which he was placed. The driver then took them to Chatham. Arriving there, a minister, with whom the young woman had previously made arrangements, performed the ceremony. One of the witnesses was the minister's stable boy.

From the minister's house the couple were taken to a private boarding house in Chatham. They are there now, and the new Mrs. Samson says that her husband's heart has improved very much since the ceremony. There is no doubt of it.

GAY GIRLS ON A "STRIKE."

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

There is a famed resort in the blithesome town of Pittsburg, Pa., which is not doing business just now, for the landlady is in New York looking for "a bunch of fairies." She had the finest string in the town, but they went on a strike. For a long while they had complained of the scantiness of their meals and as no changes were made in their menu they concluded to revolt. They all packed up, but the proprietress of the place would not allow them to leave until they had paid the debts which she alleged they owed to her.

The girls held a brief consultation and quickly de-

cided upon a plan of action. They secured a clothes-line, and going into the parlor set upon their mistress and securely bound her to a couch. Then joining hands, while one of their number played the piano, they danced the up-to-date couched-couchee around the enraged woman, after which they left the place.

Now they are roaming around town looking for good things.

BEAUTY STOPS THE BEAST.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Anna Held, the beautiful little French singer who is filling an engagement with Evans & Hoey's "Parlor Match" company, put on her bloomers the other day and went bicycling on the Coney Island Boulevard. She got tangled up in a runaway, and after she had been knocked down she remounted and seeing that the horse was beyond control she dashed in pursuit, caught one of the reins and brought the frightened animal to a standstill.

Of course, the gentlemen in the wagon thanked her, and when they found out who she was said they would send her a cart load of flowers.

LILLIAN TO THE RESCUE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

One of the prettiest of the chorus girls of the Lillian Russell Opera Company attempted in a sensational manner to put an end to her life on a train during the transit of the troupe from Springfield, Ohio, to Dayton a short time ago.

The would-be suicide is a beautiful girl, who, it is generally understood, was high in the affections of a youthful New York millionaire and a habitue of the



WAS BOUND TO HAVE A HUBBY.

So This New Woman Took Him Willingly Away From His Home.

New York Casino, and a well-known man about town.

The girl frequently told her chums that she expected to be married to the rich New Yorker in the course of a few months. While on the train she bought a copy of a Cincinnati paper containing a brief telegraphic report of the nuptials of her admirer and a once society belle. Immediately with a hysterical exclamation she took from her satchel a vial and exclaimed:

"I am going to kill myself," and hastily swallowed the contents.

Miss Russell, who was in the act of passing, and who heard the girl's declaration, rushed toward her and snatched the bottle from her hand. She then called aloud for a physician. There happened to be present one from South Bend, Ind. He realized the situation and took from his valise an emetic and administered it. The girl's life was saved, fortunately. The doctor told the story upon his arrival in St. Louis, Mo., to which point the company was proceeding.

MASKED MEN ON A RAID.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A gang of masked men didn't do a thing to the little town of Peryear, Tenn., the other night. They entered houses, pulled men and women out of bed, and robbed right and left.

The citizens were awakened at 4 o'clock by the sound of an explosion and the firing of guns and revolvers.

To intimidate the people the gang kept up an incessant discharge of firearms. There were eight men in the party and all were masked.

After robbing a number of stores the gang set fire to several buildings and then fled to the country. After the fires had been subdued a posse was formed and started in pursuit of the marauders.

It is estimated that the gang got away with at least \$3,000 in money.

GAYEST OF THE GAY!

mail, 25 cents. RICHARD E. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, New York. 140 Fleet Street, London, E. C.

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SHOT FOR HER REFUSAL.

Philip Zimmer, of St. Louis, Mo., Kills the Girl He Loved.

THEN COMMITTED SUICIDE.

In His Murderous Rage He Tried to Slay His Fifteen-Year-Old Sister.

BULLETS FOLLOWED EMBRACES.

A St. Louis idiot has distinguished himself by shooting and killing the girl he thought he was in love with, and then putting a bullet in his own anatomy where it would do the most good. He really ought to have taken the first bullet himself. His name was Philip Zimmer and the name of the girl was Tillie Dietzmann. He called on her, put his arm about her waist, kissed her, then pressed a big revolver against her side and pulled the trigger. As she toppled over he shot again and put another bullet in her. By his side stood his fifteen-year-old sister, Carrie, who was too frightened to move until the murderous youth opened fire on her. Then she ran screaming down the roadway while he continued shooting at her. After she was out of range she turned just in time to see him press the pistol to his own breast and pull the trigger. The bullet found his heart and he fell dead in his tracks.

The tragedy occurred shortly after midnight at the front gate of Anton Leidwanger's home. The house is on a high bluff, separated from the river bank by a deep quarry.

Zimmer, his sweetheart, Tillie Dietzmann, and his fifteen-year-old sister, Carrie, went to Havlin's Theatre together Sunday night. On the way down Zimmer asked Miss Dietzmann if she would marry him. She told him no. He had no employment, and could not support her, and her parents objected

vent her. After her departure the trio left for the theatre. Carrie Zimmer says that during the evening her brother was in unusually good humor and seemed full of his trip to New York. There was only one reference to his love affair and after that nothing was said until the trio returned.

Carrie wanted to remain on the car and ride down to her home, a few blocks further south, but Zimmer and Miss Dietzmann insisted on her getting off with them. The trio stopped at the gate.

"I've got this to take with me on the trip," said Dietzmann, drawing a revolver from his hip pocket.

He pointed it out toward the river. Both the girls put their arms around him and tried to take the gun away.

They struggled for quite a while in the rain and the darkness. Then, in a pause for breath, Zimmer said:

"Take my right hand, Tillie, and let's say good-bye once and for all, and then I'll go away forever."

The girls released their hold of him, and putting his arms around Tillie Dietzmann's neck, he kissed her face repeatedly.

As he drew back from the embrace he cried: "Well, here goes; good-bye," and the report of the revolver rang out.

"Mother, I'm shot," screamed Tillie Dietzmann, as she reeled back against the gate. He had placed the gun against her side and the ball entered her abdomen. As she sank to the ground he shot again, the ball entering her right foot.

Meanwhile little Carrie Zimmer stood only two feet away, petrified with terror. She was afraid to scream, afraid to run.

Her brother whirled round on her and, placing the revolver against her side, pulled the trigger. The ball passed through her cloak. Her instinct got the better of her fear and she dashed down the muddy road towards Stein street. When she was twenty feet away he sent another bullet after her, but it sped wide of its mark.

She plunged on until she was out of range, then she stopped and looked around and saw her brother shoot himself.

The little girl, paralyzed with fear, ran on until she reached her home at No. 8107 Pennsylvania avenue. She told her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Valentine Stortz, of her brother's terrible act. They took off her muddy shoes and wet garments and put her to bed.

She was sound asleep at 2 o'clock when the police came to get her story of the tragedy.

Meanwhile Miss Dietzmann's screams had aroused her parents and neighbors. They found her lying in the gateway and ten feet down the road her lover was stretched out cold in death.

PROFESSOR HERRMANN.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

The high professional plane held by Mr. and Mrs. Herrmann is well merited. Two more indefatigable

workers cannot be found. The social position which they occupy is not only a tribute to their universal bonhomie and gentility; it is a recognition of the height to which they have elevated the stage in connection with their art. Their entertainment is above all suggestion of what is common. It is of the kind that never appeals merely to tricks of the trade to catch the groundlings. It is at all times enjoyable, clean and wholesome.

The Herrmanns, at all times a drawing card for the theatres in which they have appeared, are noted this season as record breakers in every town in which they have appeared. Heretofore Mr. Herrmann has avoided one night stands. This year, tempted

by the large guarantees of the managers of one-night stands who consider him a sure drawing card, he will play such engagements some fourteen weeks out of his forty.

One-night stands are considered dreary drudgery by the profession, but the Herrmanns will not feel any of the discomforts attending such engagements. They live in their own private car, which is a model of luxury. Everything that human foresight could suggest to make it a palace on wheels has been accomplished. Besides the bedchambers and bathroom, an elegant affair in marble, it contains a parlor, dining room and a library. Besides his living car, a stable car containing the horses and drags of the famous magician accompanies him on his tour. All told, he lives on the road like a king on his royal visits. He and his estimable wife enjoy this life thoroughly and they deserve all the pleasure they extract from this weary world of care.

CHARLEY BURNS.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Cincinnatians who follow the doings of the pugilists have a lot of confidence in the abilities of Charley Burns. He is only twenty-two years of age, but has been in some memorable ring encounters. He fights at 135 pounds, and is now matched against Wingo, the Indian pugilist, of Norfolk, Va., the fight to take place at an early date.

SPICY, ORIGINAL.

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ROMANCE OF A BELLE.

She Was Married, but Was Caught With Another Man.

HUSBAND THEN LEFT HER.

Finally Married the Man With Whom She Had Been Caught Sinning.

THEN HE DESERTED HER.

Man's inhumanity to woman was exemplified in the most brazen manner in the Allegheny courts in Pittsburgh a short time ago. It was that of a woman accustomed to Southern chivalry towards her sex battling to defend her name in a strange section of the country where it is proclaimed the sterner sex has a standing advantage. It was fought on its merits, and when vindication was pronounced from the bench the fair plaintiff fell in a faint when the judicial tidings, that she was the legal wife of the man who had used every endeavor to place an insignia of shame on her name, were received.

It was the sequel to a case that at one time caused a sensation in Washington society. The gossip at the nation's capital had many sweet morsels, and as is usual the woman in the case was compelled to stand the brunt of criticism. The man, however, then and there, to right a wrong he had inflicted, promised to do what he could to eradicate a stigma that had been placed on a weak, credulous, erring woman, who fell a victim to an adventurer's machinations. She was compelled to make a sacrifice of nearly all she had, family ties and children, and since that time has had a career, which when rectified in court was touching yet convincing, and won for her the esteem of the liberal public. Sympathy is expressed for her on all sides, and the verdict has been stamped with popular approval.

The details of the case read like a thrilling story. The woman is Annie Stillman. She is the daughter of a man who was a congressman from the Raleigh, N.C., district for six years, a vice-presidential candidate in the fifties, and was solicitor of the treasury under John Sherman until the time of his death. She moved in the best society circles, and on December 15, 1881, was married to A. H. Grannan, of the U. S. Marine Corps. As a result of the marriage four children, two boys and two girls, were born. The girls have since died. For four years she lived with her husband at Key West, Fla., four years on the Pacific coast, and later at Portland, Me., and other cities along the coast. She is a refined woman, of good education, has a charming presence, and gives every evidence of culture and intelligence.

In July, 1894, she was at Edenburg, Va., with her two sons, spending the summer. Here she met Arthur Stillman, of Staunton, Va., who was salesman for a St. Louis shoe firm. He forced his attentions on her, and their acquaintance ripened into an unholy love.

She returned to Washington, and on the night of Oct. 1, 1894, her room was broken into by four detectives at the Hotel Strathmore, and Stillman was found with her. Her husband was soon on the scene, and she threw herself at his feet, begging for mercy. She asked him to let her have her children, when he dramatically pointed his finger at Stillman, and said:

"Go to him, he will take care of you, but I will take care of the children."

The children were taken from her that night, and the next morning the Washington papers were filled with thrilling accounts of the escapade. She lived in a quiet place for some time, and her husband was given a decree of divorce. Stillman told her in presence of her attorney that he would right the wrong he had done and not forsake her. On the same day the divorce was granted the couple went to Wheeling, W. Va., where a marriage ceremony was performed. Stillman lived with her at Pittsburgh and introduced her everywhere as his wife. He became a member of Rev. Frank De Witt Talmage's church, in Pittsburgh, and was quite a prominent religious worker.

They removed from Pittsburgh to Rochester, Pa., where Stillman abandoned her last July. Mrs. Stillman received a letter stating that her husband was living with a woman at Uniontown. She went to Pittsburgh and pawing some of her jewelry employed a detective to run him down. He was found living with a graduate of the Morganza reformatory and a notorious woman of the town. He was at once arrested for desertion and made a hard fight in court. He denied that a marriage ceremony had ever been performed in Wheeling, and said that the woman was not his wife. She could produce no marriage certificate, nor the justice who performed the ceremony, which was proven

to be a false one. She produced letters from Stillman which addressed her as darling wife, etc.

He then produced a doctored hotel register to try to prove that he had lived with her at a hotel before the pseudo marriage took place. In rebuttal she produced a letter which was written to her at Washington, sent from Pittsburgh at the time, and the defense fell flat. The judge in giving his decision said that she was his legal wife, and ordered Stillman to pay her \$30 a week and give bonds to support her. This he says he is unable to do and is now in jail.

After the trial Mrs. Stillman said she had no desire to prosecute, but she wanted to establish her marriage by the court. It is probable that the case will be appealed to a higher court by Stillman. Since the verdict was rendered the plaintiff has received many congratulatory telegrams from friends in all parts of the country where she has resided.

PAPINTA.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

There is at the present time at Hammerstein's famous Olympia a young woman who is attracting considerable attention. She is known on the programmes and professionally as Papinta, and has gradually worked her way up until to-day she stands at the head of her profession. She has created a sensation in every city in which she has ever appeared, and at Atlanta, Ga., she created such an impression upon Frank L. Stanton, the poet laureate of that city, that he wrote a poem to her on the margin of his programme.

BARNEY MALONE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Barney Malone, whose picture appears in this issue, may safely be described as the champion lightweight boxer of South Africa. He has been before the public a number of years and he has always had to fight against great odds. Malone was born at Durban, Natal, on February 23, 1871, and is thus twenty-five years of age. His height is 5 feet 5 inches and weight, in fighting trim, 132 pounds. His first took to boxing when on the Kimberley diamond fields and put himself under the tuition of J. B. Cooper, who was at the time the best man in Africa. Malone's first battle was with Harry McCarty, whom he defeated in 1 round at Pretoria under Queensberry rules. His next fight was with Bushell in the Theatre Royal, at Johannesburg, and this fight Malone won in 75 rounds, London prize ring rules. Malone beat Johnny Rogers in 60 rounds; beat Silberbauer at Kimberley in 212 rounds, London prize ring rules; Silberbauer standing 6 feet 14 inches and weighing 168 pounds; beat Turner at Kimberley in 2 rounds, Queensberry; was beaten in 6 rounds by W. Kelly at Natal, Queensberry rules; stopped W.



CAUGHT A MILLIONAIRE.

Sadie McDonald's Acting Days Almost Over Now.

SHE HAS AN AUSTRALIAN.

He's Got Nothing but Gold and Diamond Mines, Horses and Carriages.

THE ANTIPODES THE REAL PLACE.

Sadie McDonald is all right now, thank you. She sends her regards to the heart-broken Johnnie who made love to her when she was one of the principal soubrettes in the "Black Crook" company, and she offers consolation to the swell who admired her clever work in the "Off the Earth" show. She is almost



DOWNFALL OF A BELLE.

Men Who Were Paid By Her Husband Broke Into Her Room in Their Search for Evidence.

Greaves in 4 rounds; stopped Howe in 3 rounds, Howe weighing nearly 190 pounds and standing 6 feet high; stopped

Joe Daniels twice, once in 4 rounds, and the other time in one blow; drew with Holloway, a protégé of Cooper's; fought 20 rounds with Australian Jimmy Murphy, Murphy getting the decision on points; fought a 35-round draw with W. Greaves; fought a 35-round draw with Nell Thompson, whom he afterwards defeated in 10 rounds; beat George Joel, middleweight, in 4 rounds; fought 15 rounds with Artie Tully (Australian), Tully undertaking to stop Malone in that number of rounds but failed to do so; beat W. Greaves in 17 rounds on July 18th last.

CHARLEY McDEVITT.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

Chicago's aspirant to the lightweight championship title is named Charley McDevitt. He is anxious to meet the winner of the Lavigne-Everhardt fight, and writes as follows:

CHICAGO, Oct. 12, 1896.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE POLICE GAZETTE—Dear Sir: I am open to meet the winner, but I will give or take nothing only money; that is, my opponent must not weigh over 135 pounds at ringside, four weeks after signing articles, unless he forfeits \$500 for each additional pound. Will make match for \$1,000 a side and largest purse. I am twenty-five years old, 5 feet 8 inches in height, 39 chest; can enter ring strong at from 132 to 138 pounds. Should winner refuse I will meet any 135 pound man living, black or white, on same conditions.

A CHARMING STORY

Of Spanish girl's adventures in Paris and India. "Love's Sacrifice," No. 3. FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES. Graphically illustrated. Price 50 cents, postpaid. RICHARD K. FOX, Franklin Square, New York.

the inhabitants of the land of wool, wheat and kangaroos.

"Some day I shall persuade my husband to visit God's country, and then we shall look you up and give you and the 'yang' a good time."

You will perhaps know who Sadie McDonald is when you are told that she was engaged to marry Jack McAuliffe, the pugilist, some time ago, and that she went to Australia with Hoyt's "Milk White Flag" company. She was born in Brooklyn and went upon the stage when but a child. She was an exceedingly pretty blonde, an excellent dancer and a fair singer.

A few years ago, while doing a song and dance act in a Boston variety theatre, Eugene Tompkins saw her. Later he engaged her for his big revival of "The Black Crook."

From that time her rise was steady, and almost phenomenal. She was engaged by the American Extravaganza Company to create the leading role in John D. Gilbert's burlesque, "Off the Earth," written for Eddie Foy. Here she made another hit. Last season she joined the forces of Hoyt & McKee.

Her affair with Jack McAuliffe was common talk for years on the Bialto. One night in 1892 they quarrelled in a Broadway cafe, and, so it is said, he struck her and blacked her eye. After that they parted for good and all.

LASHED TO THE QUARTER-RAIL.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Among the passengers on the steamer Gate City, which arrived at Boston recently from Savannah, were Captain Albion P. Smith, his fifteen-year-old daughter, Edith L., and six seamen of the wrecked schooner

Lella Smith, of Machias, Me., who were rescued by the crew of the Gate.

The Lella Smith was in the vicinity of Fire Island on Saturday, the 10th, and at midnight, in the hurricane, was discovered to be leaking. At 2 P. M. Sunday the lashings holding the deck load were cut to ease the vessel, but part of the deck load was swept back on board and the remainder was dashed against

the side of the schooner by the heavy seas. At 8 P. M. the vessel was full of water and the waves were making a complete breach over her. The cargo in the hold alone kept the vessel afloat. The cabin was gutted by the waves,

all the provisions, fresh water and nautical instruments, with the personal effects of the crew, being swept into the sea and lost. In telling the story the captain said:

"I lashed my daughter Edith to the quarter-rail; she being clothed only in a thin skirt, the weather being bitterly cold, and the waves drenching her to the skin repeatedly. The crew and myself soon after lashed ourselves to the rail, and for the next thirty-six hours, without food or water, we expected the vessel to capsize at any moment." The captain's daughter stood the ordeal nobly, and by her brave example kept up the spirits of the men throughout the long vigil.

BRANDED HER WITH A HOT POKER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Everybody in the town of Fairfield, Conn., is talking about the charge brought against a well-known and prosperous farmer, who is accused of having horribly maltreated his sister-in-law. He is said to have habitually beaten her with his fists, a club, a poker or anything that came handy. It is said that a few weeks ago he scored her face with a red hot poker, marking her for life, and that at various times he has locked her in a room and kept her two or three days without food or water.

The climax came on one Sunday, when the girl went to light the kitchen fire. The man objected to something that she said or did. She replied defiantly. Then, it is alleged, he caught up a red hot poker and held it against her cheek until it burned deep into the flesh. He drove her upstairs, striking her at every step with the poker and locking her in her room. There she remained without food or drink, it is said, from Sunday morning until Monday afternoon.

THEY DID UP THE MASHER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The girls of the Lenox Laundry, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., are not only handsome, but they are pugnacious as well. The other day half a dozen of them were annoyed by a masher whose vocabulary was limited to: "Ah, there, girls!"

They ran at him like a herd of cattle and in a minute he was getting the pounding of his life. When they let him go he was so worn out that he fell to the ground. He hasn't been seen since.

BURNING, SHE LEAPED TO THE GROUND.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A girl, who was left at her home in Lewisburg, Ky., with her two brothers while her father and mother went visiting, almost lost her life while trying to save them from being burned up. She was sleeping on the ground floor, and, awakened by the fire, went to the boys' room, from which two young men had just made their escape, and tried to awaken them, remaining till the flames singed her hair, when she jumped through the window on to the roof, and leaped twelve feet to the ground, leaving her terrified brothers half-awakened to be cremated in the burning homestead.

WOMAN'S WICKEDNESS!

FOX'S SENSATIONAL SERIES, No. 19. A story from actual life, dealing with the Frivolity, Frailty and Vanity of Love, Passionate, but Wicked Woman, by George Obert. Elegantly and artistically illustrated with half-tone and pen drawings. Price by mail, 50 cents. Sent to any address, securely wrapped, by RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, The Fox Building, Franklin Square, New York. 149 Fleet Street, London, E. C.



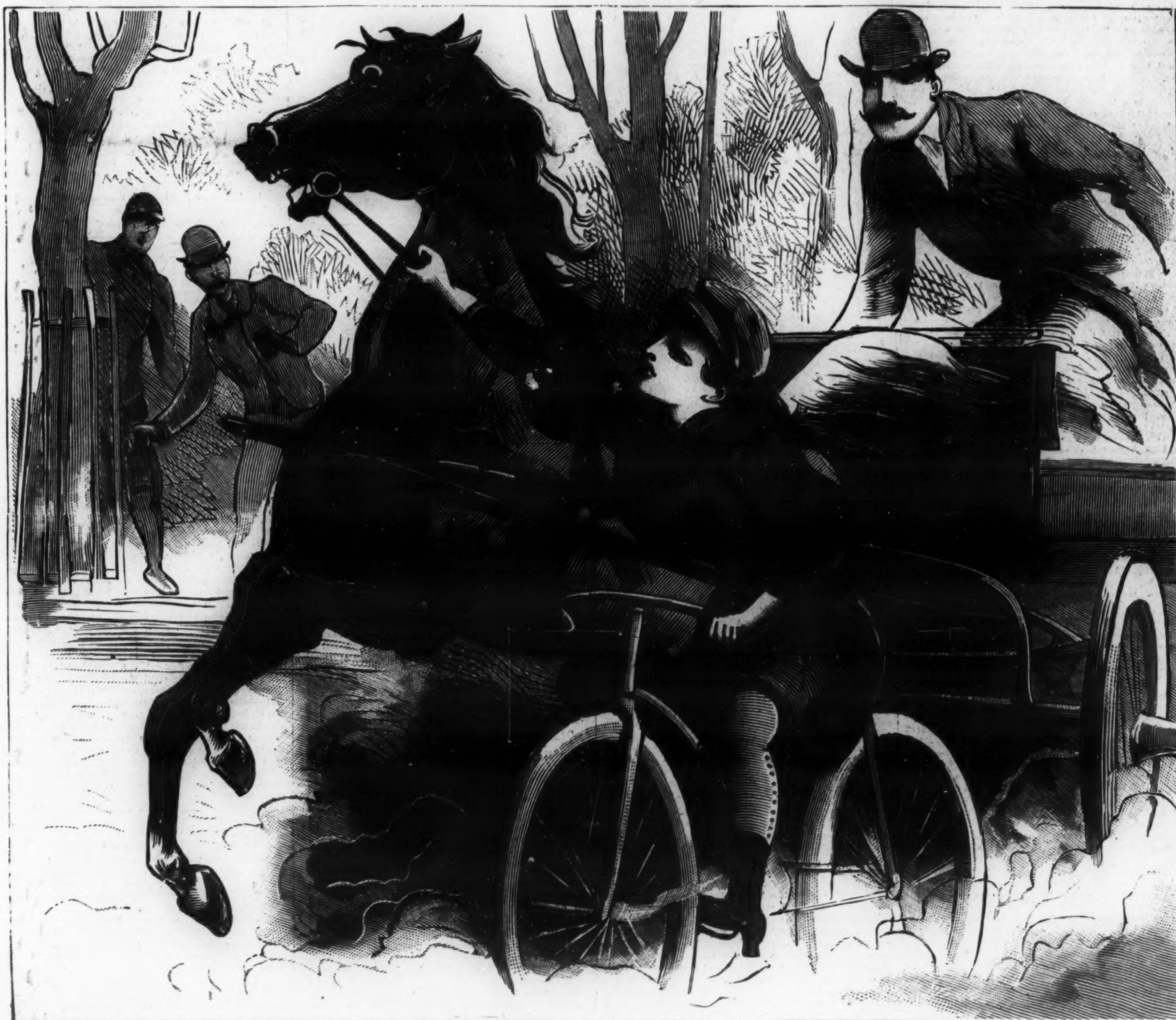
GAY GIRLS ON A STRIKE.

THE BEAUTIFUL INMATES OF A PITTSBURG, PA., RESORT LASH THE MADAME TO A CHAIR AND, AFTER DOING THE COUCHEE-COUCHEE, "VAMOOSE THE RANCH."



LASHED TO THE QUARTER-RAIL.

THE YOUNG DAUGHTER OF CAPT. SMITH PROVED A HEROINE--SHE WAS RESCUED AND TAKEN TO BOSTON, MASS.



BEAUTY STOPS THE BEAST.

ANNA HELD, THE FRENCH SINGER, STOPS A RUNAWAY WHILE ON THE CONEY ISLAND BOULEVARD, N. Y.

AUSTIN'S FISTIC BUDGET.

Events of Passing Interest That Merit Criticism.

NOSE-PULLING IN VOGUE.

Fitzsimmons Will Profit by Corbett's Refusal to Fight Sharkey.

M'PARTLAND MERITS ATTENTION.

An interesting climax in the Sharkey-Corbett controversy is about to be reached. With vengeance in his soul and terror in his eye, Sharkey has vowed his intention to come to New York and "pull Corbett's nose"—in fact, if due credit can be given to what the San Francisco newspapers say, he has already departed from the Golden State and is now nearing the scene upon which he hopes to gratify his heroic ambition to dally with Jimmy's protests. Organically or anatomically, Jimmy's nasal appendage was built on perfect lines for such an operation as "the pull" or "the template," but it is safe to hazard the prediction that Sharkey will lose sight of this fact when the crucial moment shall arrive.

I have tried to rid myself of the constantly recurring thought that an understanding of some sort exists between Corbett and Sharkey and jollied myself into the idea that I had cultivated a disbelief until these nose-pulling threats began to dominate the situation, and now I am frank to confess my belief in the existence of a mutual arrangement, the object and purpose of which will manifest itself before long.

There is danger in too much talk and I am afraid Corbett and Sharkey have passed the dividing line between consistent reasoning and blatant bellowing. Threats of pulling noses and making door mats of each other will never be a convincing factor in making the public believe in the sincerity of their intentions. The latter have become too wise for that sort of thing. They want action and not wind.

When Sharkey talks about pulling Corbett's nose, and Corbett replies with a mild intimation that he will use Sharkey for a street sweeper, everybody knows they are talking through their hats. People who intend to do that sort of thing are somewhat delicate about announcing the fact—except in Texas, where such proceedings are a mild preliminary to a killing and the aggrieved individual gets a chance for his chivalry alley.

Sharkey is supposed to be genuinely sore at Corbett for throwing him over to get at Fitzsimmons. Assuming this to be so and that everything between them is "on the level," calm and reflective judgment should suggest the advisability of pocketing his sorrow with Corbett's \$5,000 forfeit money as balm for his wounded feelings and forthwith proceed to make profitable matches with Maher, Chynski and other side lights, biding his time until he can renew his challenge to the winner of the now pending match.

Nose-pulling is no argument, and then besides there is always the danger of the other fellow having something to say about it.

Just how much chance there is of Corbett and Sharkey coming together may be gathered from the following letter which Corbett sent to Lynch, a copy of which was forwarded to me by Lynch.

The letter, which was dated in New York before Corbett started upon his theatrical tour, reads as follows:

Mr. Dan Lynch, Baldwin Hotel, San Francisco, Cal.—Dear Sir: I wired you to Denver calling match with Sharkey off, and I received a very impudent telegram from you in reply. I have been training down at Asbury Park for five weeks, and Mr. Fitzsimmons and Mr. Sharkey are both on the road making money. Neither one of them would make a cent if it were not for the fact that they are traveling on my name. However, I was perfectly willing to do this at the time as the clubs in 'Frisco offered purses that were satisfactory to me. They agreed to put up the money at a certain time, and Mr. Lawrence of the Examiner knows that I was ready to start as soon as they put the money up. However, they did not stick to their agreement, and I gave them until a certain time to put up their guarantee. They failed to do this, and I called the match off, and went right ahead and made other arrangements.

Now, Mr. Lynch, it is just like this. There seems to be no interest in Sharkey outside of California, which is a small part of this country. Everyone wants me to fight Fitzsimmons and as that is where the interest is centered, and not seeing any chance if I beat Sharkey to make more than \$4,000 or \$5,000, I cannot see (as a business man) why I should come out there and box him for such a paltry sum. In the first place, my contract with Sharkey is a flush fight for \$10,000 a side and there was a purse offered of \$20,000. As soon as I made a match with Fitzsimmons it has dropped to \$10,000.

It will cost me \$5,000 to bring my trainers out there and train, so there is no use wasting any talk or time. I will not fight Sharkey at present. Fitzsimmons is the man I am ambitious to meet, and I will attend to Sharkey afterward, providing the inducements suit me.

Hoping you will look at this in a business-like way, I remain, yours truly,
JAMES J. CORBETT.

Comments are unnecessary.

Sharkey's chances of ever fighting Corbett are now reduced to a minimum. In an interview, credited to the latter in Montreal, he is reported to have said that his coming fight with Fitzsimmons would positively be his last. "I will never again enter the ring," said he, "after I have satisfied the sporting world and Fitzsimmons that I can whip him in short order."

In speaking of his fight with Sharkey, Corbett said that it was nothing but an advertising scheme, and that as soon as he found out that he could get a fight with Fitzsimmons he dropped the matter at once. "My fight with Fitz," he added, "will come off without fail in January. All arrangements are in the hands of Dan Stuart, and he will notify us at the proper time of the place where it can be brought off without interference."

A telegram which I received the other day from Dan Stuart announces his presence in San Francisco. I opine that his business there is to look over the ground for holding the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight in Carson City, Nevada. It will be remembered that, when the National Club people were negotiating to secure Corbett and Sharkey they were backed up in their offer by the promise of a bonus of \$15,000 from the people of Carson City, with promises and assurances from local and State dignitaries that the affair might proceed without hindrance or interference. As California alone could be depended upon for the sale of \$20,000 worth of tickets, with other parts of the country to be heard from, the enterprise looked like a good thing to everybody—but Corbett.

Dan Stuart, perhaps, realizes that if he could get a similar arrangement for the proposed fight between Corbett and Fitzsimmons, it will be a better speculation for him than his Mexican scheme.

At any rate, there is a feeling of security in the fact that Stuart will manage the fight. He has demonstrated his ability to handle such an enterprise; is bold, courageous, energetic and persevering, and with him as the guiding factor it looks to me now as if the long deferred battle would take place at no very remote period.

To Fitzsimmons will fall the plum that is growing out of the Sharkey controversy. The National Club, which was engineering the scheme, has turned its attention to the lanky Antipodean.

The proposal made to Fitzsimmons is that he engage in a 'sem-

round contest with Sharkey in San Francisco, some time in December, for a purse of \$10,000.

From Martin Julian, Fitzsimmons' manager, came this reply:

"Will match Fitzsimmons against Sharkey on the following conditions: Purse of \$10,000, winner to take all, and \$1,000 for our training and travelling expenses, club to deposit \$5,000 as forfeiture on signing articles, balance to be paid up ten days before match. Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern. Either Siler or Houseman of Chicago to referee. The match must take place before Dec. 1, on account of our match with Corbett."

The National Club has complied with Fitzsimmons' demands to the extent of putting up \$5,000, but it firmly declines to allow Fitzsimmons more than \$500 for expenses. Sharkey's only objection is to having the referee selected at this stage of the proceedings. He says it will be time enough to select that official when the Fitzsimmons party arrives. In a later wire Julian favored Dec. 8 or 9 as the day of the contest.

It looks as if Corbett neglected a very important detail when the articles of agreement for him and Fitzsimmons to fight were being framed. It probably never occurred to him that Sharkey and the Australian would get together for business purposes, and the latter was therefore not tied up with a clause which prevented him fighting anybody else before the Corbett match was consummated. Fitzsimmons therefore enjoys the privilege of making any sort of a match, and from present indications there is every likelihood of his doing so. Fitzsimmons talks of his ability to beat the sailor in four rounds. If the result should favor him to that extent, it will do more to make Corbett lose prestige than anything that has yet happened. In view of the latter's inability to do more than make a draw with Sharkey.

Looking at the situation from every standpoint, I am convinced that the only course for Corbett to pursue with safety, honor and dignity is to renew his negotiations with Sharkey for any kind of a match.

The friends of Dominick McCaffrey, who once aspired to be the pugilistic champion of the world, will be pleased to learn that the reports about his being insane have been grossly and maliciously exaggerated. I am in receipt of the following interesting letter, dated from McCaffrey's Ranch in Nebraska. Its contents are interesting, so I give it in full:

McCaffrey's Ranch, Oct. 16, 1898.
No doubt you will be surprised to hear of my being in this country. It was necessary on account of my health. I was sick on and off for three years and I knew the best cure was to come out here and away from the excitement of the world. My brother is in the stock raising business extensively, and the work in connection with the same is just what suited me. We are fifteen miles from even a railroad station. I put in my time herding 1,000 head of cattle all summer and hunting wild geese, ducks, jack rabbits and prairie chickens, which are in abundance.



Billy Barnie Will Manage Brooklyn's Team.

My trouble was nervous prostration, and I am sure it would have settled me had I not made a change, but I know the conclusion everybody came to in my case, or any other boxer's case, that he has paroxysms or he is killing himself with dissipation. No one would ask you if you are sick, but like a woman come to a conclusion at once—he is a "goner." I feel as good as I ever did, and if I wanted to could hold my own with any one that is not any bigger than I am, but I feel grateful to think I have some ability outside of boxing—in other words, I don't have to depend on boxing to live. We don't get much fresh news out here and anything you think would be of interest kindly send it. I feel thankful for past favors. Hoping you are well, etc, I remain, sincerely yours,
DOMINICK F. McCaffrey,
O'Neill City, Holt County, Nebraska.

Since the Horton law went into operation fighting clubs have sprung up in New York State like mushrooms in the past few weeks. There is a prevailing idea, which is a very erroneous one, that the admirers of the many art will flock to see any kind of a fight. The people who follow are very discriminating, and some of the contests that have been arranged will not draw enough money to pay for the gas. There are hundreds ready to patronize a contest between men of some reputation as pugilists, but "dubs" with "faked" records will have to go elsewhere to chase for the elusive dollar. Some of the men engaged in making matches for different clubs should tackle some other business and not lose valuable time.

In weighing up the pretensions of the dozen or more claimants to pugilistic distinction in the lightweight division, deserving attention should be given to a New York lad, Kid McPartland, by name, who for two years past has been diligently employed in carrying his way to a position of eminence in the pugilistic world.

His Kidelets, who by the way long ago graduated from the class in which the title of "Kid" could be appropriately bestowed, has a record which extends from the Brooklyn Bridge almost to the Harlem river. He has beaten every boy of local prominence who has had the temerity to go against him, and champions of other pugilistic centers have found him a hard nut to crack. He has been a trial horse for a score of "promising" Johnnies to satisfy the desires of enthusiastic managers who believed they had world beaters, and in every instance the "Johnny" went back to his job and the pugilistic projector, who had him in tow, went off to work a new lead.

McPartland's decisive victory over Frank Gerrard of Chicago, gave

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him his first key to recognition, and since that eventful episode in his career McPartland has so materially improved his position that he now menaces even Lavigne's claim to the title. The way in which McPartland, with twelve or fifteen pounds to his disadvantage, punched and thumped Jimmy Handler, of Newark, the other night was alone sufficient to place him in line for championship honors. He is one of the few 133-pounders who can do the weight, a significant circumstance in view of the fact that Lavigne and Everhardt matched at 136 pounds for their fight which involves the lightweight title. I have it from good authority that McPartland intends to force the 133-pound issue by challenging Lavigne to fight him at the lightweight limit.

The result of the fight between Joe Butler and Charley Strong the other night will have a material effect in changing Butler's plans about going to England as he contemplates. He had visions of the "Coffee Cooler's" social and professional success, and intended to do some startling things to emphasize his presence in the English metropolis. If there is one particular paradise for American colored pugilists, the same is England, as "Gene Field" might put it, says a Buffalo oracle. All the dusky "glovers" that have jumped the big pond which separates Uncle Sam's domains from those of Johnnie Bull have done exceedingly well in the matter of dollars and cents. Everybody knows of the lavish way in which Fortune has smiled upon Frank Craig, yclept, the "Coffee Cooler." In New York bacon and eggs were high living for Craig, but on the other side his menu so far has contained nothing commoner than terrapin and champagne. Besides he has married a white woman and moves in good sporting society. Peter Jackson has not fought any since he went to England, but he must be living on the fat of the land or he would not be content to stay there. Billy Hill, better known as "Muldoo's Pickaninny," went abroad some weeks ago. He opened his campaign in a limited round contest with Peter Sweeney, an English lightweight, and made a big hit. Sweeney was punched all over the ring. English scribes say that "the pick" boxes just like "the Cooler." George Dixon made money and if Joe Walcott goes over, as he contemplates, he will do as well or better. In this connection it might be well to observe "what is our loss is England's gain."

It is to be regretted that the necessity for going to press a day earlier than usual, owing to large orders from abroad, precludes the possibility of getting the result of the Lavigne-Everhardt battle in this issue of the POLICE GAZETTE. A full and complete report of the affair together with a magnificent double page illustration of the battle will be given next week.

SAM AUSTIN.

JOE BUTLER BEATEN AGAIN.

It took just two minutes for Charlie Strong of Newark, N. J., to



do Joe Butler of Philadelphia, before, the Empire Athletic Club of Buffalo, N. Y., on Oct. 15. Both men are colored. Butler was seemingly trained to the hour, while Strong appeared a trifle too fleshy.

At the call of time Butler, who was the taller, led off with a left swing, but fell short. Strong put a left on the wind light. Butler got back with a hard left on the wind that made Strong wince. In the mix-up that followed Strong got in some telling blows on the body.

Then Strong floored Butler with a left-hand hook on the point of the jaw. Butler arose before the fatal ten seconds, but went down from another left hook on the chin. He got up once more and dodged a left swing, but Strong landed another left hook on the jaw that put Butler down and out.

Strong said after the fight: "I am willing to meet any heavyweight in the world except Corbett and Fitzsimmons. I think I can whip Peter Maher, Joe Chynski and Steve O'Donnell and will challenge the winner of the Creedon-Baker fight."

Twenty-five hundred people were present.

Bob Fitzsimmons is flirting with an offer to box ten rounds with Tom Sharkey before a San Francisco club.

QUAKER CITY LOCAL CHAMPIONSHIPS.

Four Hours of the Liveliest Kind of Amateur Scrapping.

The sporting man who missed the opening of the amateur tournament of the Caledonian Club in Philadelphia, Pa., on Oct. 20, missed a rare night's fun. There were seventeen boxing bouts, and they followed one another at a rapid rate from 8 o'clock till after midnight. There was an absence of science, but what was lacking in that line was more than made up in activity. It is safe to say that never was more fun rolled into one evening than these amateurs displayed that night. Old professional boxers, like Johnny Clark, Professor Nixey and Charley Johnson, stated that they saw more new blows administered than they could use in a month. It was slam, bang all the time, and some of the style put on by the embryo pugilists was very queer. The winners were:

105-pound class—Bernard Scooter defeated J. Judge, T. Conway defeated J. Collins, C. Warren defeated W. Bigler, H. McCaffrey defeated A. Conrad, four rounds.

115-pound class—F. Lavigne defeated G. Decker in one round, J. McCann defeated J. Hughes, E. Clark defeated E. Mitchell, C. Harst defeated J. Dunn in one round.

125-pound class—Ed Holland defeated W. Newman in three rounds, J. Williams defeated J. Frenchy.

135-pound class—J. Hoyt defeated Charles McCann in three rounds, J. Ralph defeated A. Fox in four rounds.

160-pound class—J. Nolan defeated C. Parsons, F. J. Milan defeated J. McColgan, P. Stricker defeated J. Jones, J. O'Brien defeated J. Blazy, B. Greer defeated J. McColgan in two rounds.

IN PUGILISTICA'S REALM.

Local Fighters Eager to Acquire Laurels Abroad.

TRACEY IS DISSATISFIED.

Wants Another Match With Young Corbett and Will Wager \$2,500.

NEWS AND GOSSIP FROM ALL OVER.

Dixon having gone back, Ernie next month will have the chance of his life to win what will mean the featherweight championship.

Tommy West has been asked to meet Billy Stiff, of Chicago, and has accepted. The pair will box before the Koluter-bocker A. C. next month.

Denver Ed Smith has been heard from. In a letter from South Africa, Smith says that there are more Australian fighters than laborers in Johannesburg, who have been attracted by the talk of big purses which never materialize.

Interesting question on pugilism. Did Sharkey get the \$5,000 forfeit money from Corbett? Corbett says there is no money up. Fitz says there is. Which man tells the truth? Fitz says he will box in private, and Corbett says that would suit him. Find the joker?

Carlofino, the boxing instructor at West Point, has developed a 105 pound lad whom he is anxious to try against somebody in New York preparatory to matching him against Barry for the bantam championship. His name is Canero and he hails from Newburgh.

Jimmy Barry may go to England and meet Billy Plimmer. Farson Davies, who is acting as Barry's manager just now, sent a cablegram to England recently, announcing that Barry would clash with Plimmer at 115 pounds, weigh in at the ring side. He insists on having it settled in America.

Sammy Kelly and Dolly Lyons, the east side boxer, are matched to meet in a ten-round contest at 115 pounds at the next boxing show of the Broadway Athletic Club, which takes place on Oct. 30. Kelly will do his training at the New West Side A. C., while Lyons will get in condition at College Point.

Billy Hill, the "Pickaninny," was tried out in London a few nights ago and made a hit. He was paired against an unknown and whipped him in two rounds. The man whom the "Pick" is matched against on Oct. 25 is Arthur Callan. The latter is regarded as the slickest lightweight in England.

Dick O'Brien, of Boston, has been offered a good purse if he will go to England and meet Frank Craig, the "Coffee Cooler," for 20 rounds in the National Sporting Club of London the latter part of November. O'Brien might accept the offer, and if he does he will take Mike Sears of Boston, to England with him.

Although Dick Burge, the lightweight champion of England, announced that he had quit the ring after he was defeated by Kid Lavigne, he nevertheless has changed his mind. He has challenged Tom Tracey, of Australia, to box him a limited number of rounds for \$2,500 or \$5,000 a side, the contest to be pulled off in England.

Australian Billy Murphy has posted with Harry Weldon \$100, to back \$500 a side in a sweeping challenge to fight to a finish, or for limited rounds, any bantam or featherweight in the world. This challenge includes Pedlar Palmer and Jimmy Barry at 114 pounds, and George Dixon, Solly Smith and Tommy White at 122 pounds, Dixon preferred.

"McCoy and Dooley" is the name of a new pugilistic firm that will swing its single to our American zephyrs about the idea of December. Its members are Kid McCoy, the American boxer, now in South Africa, and Mick Dooley, an Australian heavyweight. When they reach the States Mack will devote himself to the middleweights, while Mick will give such of the big 'uns as are idle a chance to improve their time. He is said to be a clever boxer.

Frank Slavin thinks of returning to England in a few weeks, and has invited Joe Butler, of Philadelphia, to go over with him. Butler thinks very well of the proposition. If he goes to London he is almost sure to get a match against his old foe, the "Coffee Cooler." He said the other day: "I wouldn't ask better sport than to trim that coon again." Slavin's lame back still bothers him. He was very foolish to tackle Steve O'Donnell in his crippled condition, but he thought he could punch him out in a couple of rounds.

Tom Tracey, being dissatisfied with the result of his recent meeting with George Green (Young Corbett), before the Occidental Club, of San Francisco, has challenged the latter to fight him again at 144 pounds, before the club offering the biggest purse, and offers to bet \$2,500 that the result will be in his favor. Green heard of the challenge and spoke as follows concerning it: "I am in a bit of a quandary just now, as I had a cablegram from London a day or two ago telling me that an important letter is on the way. I don't know what kind of an offer it contains, but if it is not something enticing I will be perfectly willing to give Tracey the first chance. He is a mainly lively and a willing fighter."

Says a Bostonian: "The performances of the Sullivan—Spike and Dave—in New York and Philadelphia attracted attention, and it may be considered that they have been successfully launched. Few Boston fighters have done so much in such a short time as they have. They stand very prominently, but a well-directed punch may cause either one of them to be quickly forgotten. Their friends in Boston are anxious that they should go a bit slow from this time on. Spike had a taste of the 'hurry up' business when he was whipped by Willie Keefe. But then he got square by turning the tables. On top of that he took a long chance with Dan McBride and was getting whipped up to the last moment, when he 'put it on' right. It is a peculiar thing that Spike is always nearly whipped and almost invariably wins out. There is a profitable future for the Sullivan in the ring, but a little more judgment in making matches would assure it."

BILLY BARNIE.

[WITH PORTRAIT.]

No man is better known in the baseball world than Billy Barnie. He has been identified with the game as player, captain, manager and magnate for upwards of twenty years, and some of the most famous teams in the country have at one time or another been under his direction.

In looking about for a man to succeed Dave Fouts as manager of the Brooklyn Baseball team, President Byrne learned of Barnie's change of places for next season, and without hesitation engaged him to fill the vacancy caused by Fouts' retirement. He is sure to give satisfaction in his new position, for he is a good judge of a player's worth and possesses the qualities which endear him to the men who are subordinate to him.

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EXTRA!

FITZ WILL FIGHT SHARKEY

Agrees to Meet Him for Ten Rounds in San Francisco.

DECEMBER NINTH THE DATE

Tired of Waiting for Corbett to Make Up His Mind What to Do.

\$10,000 PURSE IS THE INCENTIVE.

Bob Fitzsimmons has made up his mind not to wait any longer for Corbett to decide whether he wants to fight or not. Last Friday night he telegraphed Manager Groom of the National Club of San Francisco that he would accept his offer of a \$10,000 purse to fight Sharkey ten rounds and named December 9 as the date of the engagement.

This action furnishes a sensational climax to the match which Corbett and Fitzsimmons ostensibly made in New York over a month ago. At that time articles of agreement were framed, but owing to the existence of a law in New York State which makes it a misdemeanor to arrange for a prize fight within the limits of the State, it was agreed to defer signing the articles until both men were elsewhere. Fitzsimmons says he signed the articles in Pittsburgh and forwarded the document to Corbett at Ashbury Park, but as yet has no acknowledgment of their having been received and signed.

The offer to box Sharkey was made to Fitzsimmons over a week before, but he declined to send his acceptance until he got a definite answer from Corbett. The latter, instead of consummating his agreement, organized his theatrical company and went on the road, so the Australian felt free to close the negotiations with Sharkey.

PURSE FOR FITZ AND CORBETT.

Warren Lewis offers \$15,000 for Them to Fight at Coney Island.

There is to be a reputable sporting club at Coney Island, where boxing contests may be carried on legally. Warren Lewis has secured a lease of the Seaside Athletic Club from Frederick Reiter, who represents the Paul Bauer estate, and he has paid \$3,000 in cash to bind the bargain.

"I am going to call it the Greater New York Athletic Club," said Mr. Lewis the other day.

"The enterprise is amply backed by several business men of prominence in Brooklyn, whose names I am not at liberty to mention. Corbett, to whom I wrote as soon as I secured the house, has agreed to meet Fitzsimmons in a glove contest of twenty rounds or more for a purse of \$15,000 and a \$5,000 guarantee.

"Fitzsimmons' backer, Julian, objected because I was one of Corbett's backers," continued Lewis. "I then told him I was willing that he should name the referee of the contest. He suggested George Blar, of Chicago, and to that I agreed."

Lewis has had no final answer, but he feels very confident that the men can be brought together on the date suggested—Jan. 1, 1897. If the present plans are carried out there will be glove contests on every holiday, and during the summer on every Saturday afternoon. The public will be admitted at popular prices.

Dave Sullivan, of Boston, has been secured to meet Austin Rice, of New London, Conn., for ten rounds at the boxing show of the New York Athletic Club, on Nov. 7. Both these boys are extremely clever boxers, good punchers and are also very evenly matched.

Jimmy Anthony again proposes coming East. The boom in fighting which now prevails in the East has also tempted some of the other boxers from the West, and an invasion may be expected. Also Gregains, Young Mitchell and Spider Kelly all intend coming to New York.

At Baiton, Pa., James Dempsey, champion lightweight pugilist of Lycoming county, in an 8-round bout, knocked out Pat Harrigan of Scranton. The latter had the best of the fighting for the first two rounds, but after that he went to pieces, and Dempsey had an easy thing of it.

Brother Joe Corbett, the great young pitcher of the Baltimoreans, stated in a conversation at Cleveland that he didn't believe champion Jim would ever get on a fight with Fitz. "Fitz doesn't want to fight," said Joe, "but Sharkey will fight Jim or anybody else. Sharkey fears no man alive."

Jimmy Handler, who was matched to meet Sam Tonkins, of Astoria, for ten rounds, at the New York Athletic Club boxing show on Nov. 7, says that he is sick and cannot meet Tonkins. Charley White, who is securing the boxers for the show, will hunt up another good man to meet Tonkins. White is looking around for two more good pairs of boxers for the show.

A benefit for the ex-pugilist, Paddy Norton, held in Chicago on October 20, was out short by interference by the police. Several good boys were boxed before the police arrived, Harry Gilmore, Frank Gerrard, Tommy White, Kid Norton and other boxers taking part. The benefit was not a financial success.

Another colored lightweight is out with a challenge to fight Stanton Abbott or any other 135 pounder. The new aspirant's name is Samuel Robbins, and he is known by the sobriquet of "Young Peter Jackson." He is only seventeen years old and was born at Key West, Fla. He is said to be a stiff puncher and clever.

It is not likely that Joe Walcott and Dick O'Brien will meet again. Walcott favors a match at 150 pounds, but O'Brien finds it impossible to fight at this weight. Walcott is thinking of going to England to fight some of the good men there. If he does this he ought to make a lot of money, as colored boxers are the rage abroad.

An effort is being made by Billy Newman to arrange a limited round contest between Dave Sullivan of Boston, and Casper Leon of New York. The contest if arranged, will take place in the Bohemian Sporting Club the early part of this month. Leon is perfectly willing to meet Sullivan if a suitable purse is offered for the contest.

Jack McClelland and Thomas Smith have signed articles in Pittsburgh for a boxing contest to a finish on Nov. 16 for \$250 a side. Both put up a forfeit and arranged dates for depositing the balance of the side bet. The contest will be with five-ounce gloves in a 16-foot ring under Marquis of Queensberry rules. The referee is to be selected on or before Nov. 15.

Tom O'Rourke, matchmaker of the Broadway Athletic Club, has secured Billy Ernst, the clever lightweight boxer, of Brooklyn, to meet Leslie Pearce of Philadelphia, for 15 rounds, at the boxing show to be pulled off by the club on Oct. 31. These two boxers are evenly matched as far as service is concerned, and will no doubt furnish a very interesting contest.

Syracuse is gradually becoming one of the greatest centres for boxing in the country. All the recent shows have been

well patronized, and profitable to their promoters. The last organization is the Empire A. C., and it has provided some excellent matches. The only one that it has now in prospect is between Jack Daly of Wilmington, and Billy Vernon, the "Haverstraw Brick-maker."

Another match which should prove to be a hummer, will be a fifteen-round contest between "Scaldy Bill" and Dick O'Brien, of Boston. The contest will take place at the Union Park Athletic Club on Nov. 7. Jack Hermann, matchmaker for the club, made a good offer to Fred Fleck, manager for "Scaldy Bill," which he accepted, and O'Brien did likewise. These two boxers have already fought a draw.

Lightweights will be given a show at the next entertainment of the Empire A. C., of Buffalo, which will be held on Thursday, Oct. 29. Matchmaker Brooks has matched Matty Matthews against Stanton Abbott for a bout of fifteen rounds. Matthews is the boxer who recently whipped Jack Hanley, and Abbott is the famous English lightweight who has been boxing every man of his weight in the East.

LOCAL BOXERS IN THE RING.

Tarantula Bill Smith, of Texas, Succumbs to Boston Culture.

Four bouts between pugilists of local prominence proved attractive to 3,000 Gotham sports who attended the second series of bouts given under the auspices of the Union Park Athletic Club of New York on Oct. 19.

The principal bout of the night was a 12-round affair at 150 pounds, between Tommy West of Boston, and Billy Smith, otherwise "Tarantula Bill," of Texas. The Tarantula man was a tall, awkward looking fellow, who towered away above West. When they came to the centre in the first round, West landed two hard lefts on the kidney, and then swung a right to the ear that sent the Texan to the ropes. Smith could not land a punch, and swung and slashed, cutting large slices out of the atmosphere. West pummelled him unmercifully, and had him bleeding and groggy when the round ended.

In the second round West landed a left on the jaw that sent him to the ropes, spitting mouthfuls of blood, and followed him, landing his right on the jaw, sending him down. The Texan staggered to his feet, but was again nailed on the jaw, and he flopped over a second time, and after groping to the ropes, clambered to his feet, when the referee stepped in and stopped the contest. Time of round, one minute and twenty-five seconds.

Charley Kelly and Charley Leopold were announced to box ten rounds at 118 pounds, but less than two were sufficient to demonstrate that Mr. Kelly, of the Bowery, was master of the man from Harlem. Kelly knocked Leopold down twice in the first round with right handers and had him all but out when the round ended. The



Wilbur Robinson, Captain of Baltimore's Champion Team.

second round was much the same, Leopold biting the dust once more and being in so pitiable a condition that the referee stopped the bout after 1 minute and 54 seconds, declaring Kelly the winner.

The second bout brought forth Sam Boien and Andy Cuno, who boxed ten rounds at 135 pounds. This was a good bout, both doing some very clever work and hard hitting. Boien had the advantage in the first four rounds, but Cuno forced the pace in the fifth, landing several stiff punches that staggered Boien. Cuno failed to land one blow in the eighth, but rallied in the ninth and landed several good punches, one of which, a right hander on the jaw, almost bowled Boien over. The tenth and last round was all Boien's way, and the referee declared him the winner.

The third event was also a ten-round affair, and introduced George McFadden and Joe Hopkins, both of New York. They were said to weigh 128 pounds both looked pounds heavier. Hopkins made a punching bag out of McFadden for five rounds, when the latter began to mix it up. The sixth, seventh and eighth rounds were full of fast slugging that was about even. McFadden had the best of the ninth round, although he was bleeding from the mouth. The tenth was a hard one, both getting two good punches home. They were fighting fast and had to be separated by the referee when the bell sounded. Referee Sam Austin, of the Police Gazette, decided in favor of McFadden.

BILLY VERNON KNOCKED OUT.

Dougherty Finished the Haverstraw Bricklayer in Three Rounds.

The good card offered at the Tuxedo Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, on Oct. 31, filled the house with spectators. Six bouts were decided, the wind-up being between Billy Vernon, of Haverstraw, N. Y., and Joe Dougherty, of New York city. Both men fought wildly, vicious swings being the order. Vernon had the better of the first round, landing quite a number of swings on Dougherty's head, but he could not locate the jaw. In the second round Dougherty came up strong and forced the fighting. It was a terrific mix-up, and Vernon was sent to the floor three times, while Dougherty went down once. The men were very tired when the round ended.

Vernon still felt the effects of his knock-downs in the third round, and tried clenching to avoid punishment. Dougherty fell on him several times in those clinches. About the middle of the round Dougherty caught Vernon on the point of the jaw with a right-hand swing. Vernon made several attempts to get up, but he was counted out and carried to his corner.

THE WAY OF THE FOOL.

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POINTS FOR CORRESPONDENTS

Information for the Curious Ones Who Want To Know.

QUERIES CONCERNING SPORT

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DECISIONS WHICH SETTLE WAGERS.

A. D., Indianapolis.—Never heard of him.
B. & Co., Calvert, Tex.—The opener cannot split.
C. S. H., Ooray, Col.—We cannot advertise gratuitously.
J. T. F., Columbus, O.—I. A royal flush of any suit. 2. No.
J. J. T., Waverly, N. Y.—We are not advertising rival publications.

Readers, Hong Kong, China.—Kindly insert Mr. R. E. Fox's birthplace. Ireland.

J. G., Batavia, N. Y.—Was Pedlar Palmer ever beaten by an American? No.

Readers.—Arthur Upham is now located at Ironton, O., Third and Railroad streets.

Rex, Utica, N. Y.—What is good to make the voice clear just before singing? Lemon juice.

M. F. L., Mt. Pleasant, Ill.—We have not the facilities for getting personal information of this character.

M. J. E.—Please inform me if John L. Sullivan ever fought in the ring with a colored man? No.

G. S., Rochester, N. Y.—What has been the best odds on the general result on McKinley? Three to one.

A. H., Pittsburg, Pa.—What was Firing Jib's best time with running maul? 1.58 1/2, Chillicothe, O., Oct. 4, 1894.

W. H. H., Johnstown, Pa.—What is the record for staying under water? 4 minutes, 29 seconds, James Finney, England.

was shot in a saloon on West street, North river. Am I right? Please tell us the name of the man who shot him, and if he was in business with him at the time or at any time. O'Baldwin was shot in a saloon on West street by Mike Finnell, his partner, Sept. 27, 1875.

H. J. B., Brooklyn, N. Y.—A bet B that 96 States out of 45 will go Republican, and also A bet B that 3 out of 26 States will go Republican. A has not stated to B what 26 States will go Republican, or which 3 out of 9 will go Republican. Who wins? He does not have to state. If 96 go Republican and 9 remain, out of this 9 if 3 go Republican he wins again.

H. H. B., Detroit, Mich.—B bets that a \$10 gold piece is smaller than a printed cut purporting to represent a certain gold coin; B bets that the \$10 gold piece is not smaller. A \$10 gold coin is procured and laid over the printed cut, and as is perfectly agreed between B and M, the coin is the exact size of the cut. Who wins the bet? If the piece isn't smaller than the cut, B loses.

K. C. B., Middleborough, Ky.—At a recent raffle there were 173 chances sold, and the evening of the drawing there were 173 gunwads counted, numbered and supposed to be put in the bag from which they were to be drawn; the drawing then proceeded until there were two numbers still to be drawn, when it was discovered there remained but one wad in the bag; on investigation it was found that the other number had never been put in the bag at all, thus making the number actually in the drawing only 172 instead of 173, the amount of numbers sold. Will you kindly tell me if the number remaining in the bag, or rather the last number in the bag drew the wheel, or what was the proper way of procedure? The rules were, the last number drawn drew the wheel. Kindly tell me what bearing the number which had never been in the bag had upon the case. Have a new drawing. The missing number might have been drawn had it been in the bag.

WILBUR ROBINSON.

(With Portrait.)

Much of the success of the Baltimore team during the three successive years that it captured the League championship is due to the energetic and able methods employed by Wilbur Robinson, the field captain. "Bobby," as he is called, is a player himself of no mean ability. He acts as change catcher, besides directing the team's work. He is a great believer in "young blood," and his team is made up mainly of young, hustling, ambitious players whom he has taken pains to develop.

GOOD FIGHTING IN 'FRISCO.

The Anthony-Coney-Carlock fight, in which Anthony, the clever Australian bantamweight, agreed to engage the latter two men in six rounds each for the decision, did not come off in San Francisco on October 17 according to programme. Coney weighed at twelve pounds overweight, and Anthony declined to meet him at that weight.

Anthony then agreed to box Carlock ten rounds. Carlock, while displaying considerable cleverness, was completely outclassed. Anthony had him groggy in the second round, and put him completely out in the third.

The contest which attracted the most attention was a ten-round bout between Gus Hergett, of San Francisco, and Lou Agnew, of Chicago, at 135 pounds. In the fourth round Agnew scored his man with a straight left, but the bell saved him. Hergett was on the floor at the end of the fifth, and his seconds threw up the sponge. Agnew is a fast fighter, never allowing his antagonist a moment's rest. He is voted by experts to be one of the best lightweights that has ever come to the coast.

SMALL FISTIC TALK.

Harry Gilmore, once a crack lightweight, has become a very successful trainer.

Honest John Kelly has resigned his position as referee at the Bohemian Sporting Club.

Andy Watson, of Boston, is still looking for fight. He blossoms out as the champion 135-pounder.

Tommy Hogan and Kid White are matched to box ten rounds at 137 pounds before the club offering the best purse within four weeks.

Stanton Abbott and Matt Matthews will probably be the next attraction before the Empire A. C., of Buffalo. The former has accepted terms.

"The salary of Tommy White as boxing instructor of the Knickerbocker Club in New York is \$1,500," says an exchange. The writer ought to "take another draw."

"Mysterious Billy" Smith will train for his coming contest with Tommy Ryan at College Point. His brother Bob may assist him in rounding into condition.

Joe Bernstein and Billy McNichols, the West Side boxer, will try conclusions in a 12-round contest at the Owl A. C. boxing show, which will be pulled off on Nov. 11.

There will be still another boxing club in town before the snow flies. The latest one will be directed by Joe Vending, and it is said that Lawyer Abe Hummel will be one of the incorporators.

Erne and Dixon have boxed ten rounds to a draw and in the longer contest of twenty rounds which the Broadway Club has arranged the question of which is the better man probably will be conclusively settled.

Johnny Eckhardt made Jack Downey and Martin Flaherty of Boston an offer of a \$500 purse to meet in a 20-round contest at one of the boxing shows to be given by the South Brooklyn A. C. Flaherty accepted, but Downey refused to do so.

Steve O'Donnell is a great believer, like many other boxers, in the "rest cure." He is now talking of boxing the winner of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons mill. What O'Donnell needs most of all is experience. He has more to learn than any heavyweight boxer in the country.

The departure of Dal Hawkins for his home has created considerable talk in the East. Some think that Hawkins left because he feared defeat, while others contend that he didn't remain because he was ill. The fact is that Hawkins is ill and was not himself when he met Gans. It is not likely that he will return East again, however.

According to a letter received by Nick Long from a well-known sporting man of San Francisco, the contest between Young Corbett, of San Francisco, and Tom Tracy, of Australia, which was pulled off recently in San Francisco, was the most interesting eight-round bout that has ever been witnessed in that city before. Both men fought hard from start to finish, and the general opinion was that the decision should have been a draw.

Many people wondered how Jim Kennedy, of the Empire A. C., lost such a good card as the George Dixon and Frank Erne contest, which will be decided in the Broadway A. C. arena on Nov. 31, says the *Morning Journal*. Kennedy manages Erne while O'Rourke acts in the same capacity for Dixon. Both Kennedy and O'Rourke wanted the bout, and began to bid the purse up, and finally decided to toss a coin for the bout. O'Rourke won and Kennedy signed the articles. They will box twenty rounds.

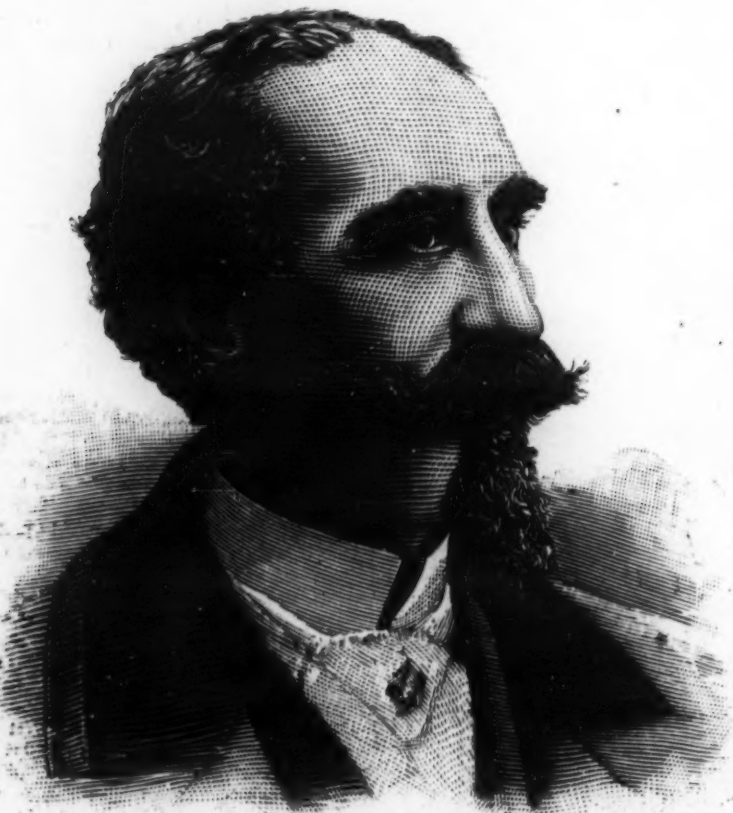
Jack Williams, of New Orleans, and Yuen Lee, a local Chinaman, fought three rounds, and Tommy Maloney and Jack Henry fought four rounds at the Bioglye Bink, Wilmington, Del., on October 20, each set to result in a draw. The drawing card was a ten-round contest between G. J. Moriarty and Frank Wango, an Indian. Moriarty was knocked down once during the third round, and was similarly treated in the fourth round. During the ensuing four rounds the bout was a veritable hugging match. In the sixth round Moriarty was knocked down three times, and after the second fall his opponent assisted him to rise. The last round was tame, and at its conclusion the spectators yelled "fake." When Jack Williams, who refereed the fight, was about to render a decision, the crowd shouted "The Indian." Williams, however, gave the contest to Moriarty. Three hun red disgusted sports then departed, vowing they would not attend another fight.

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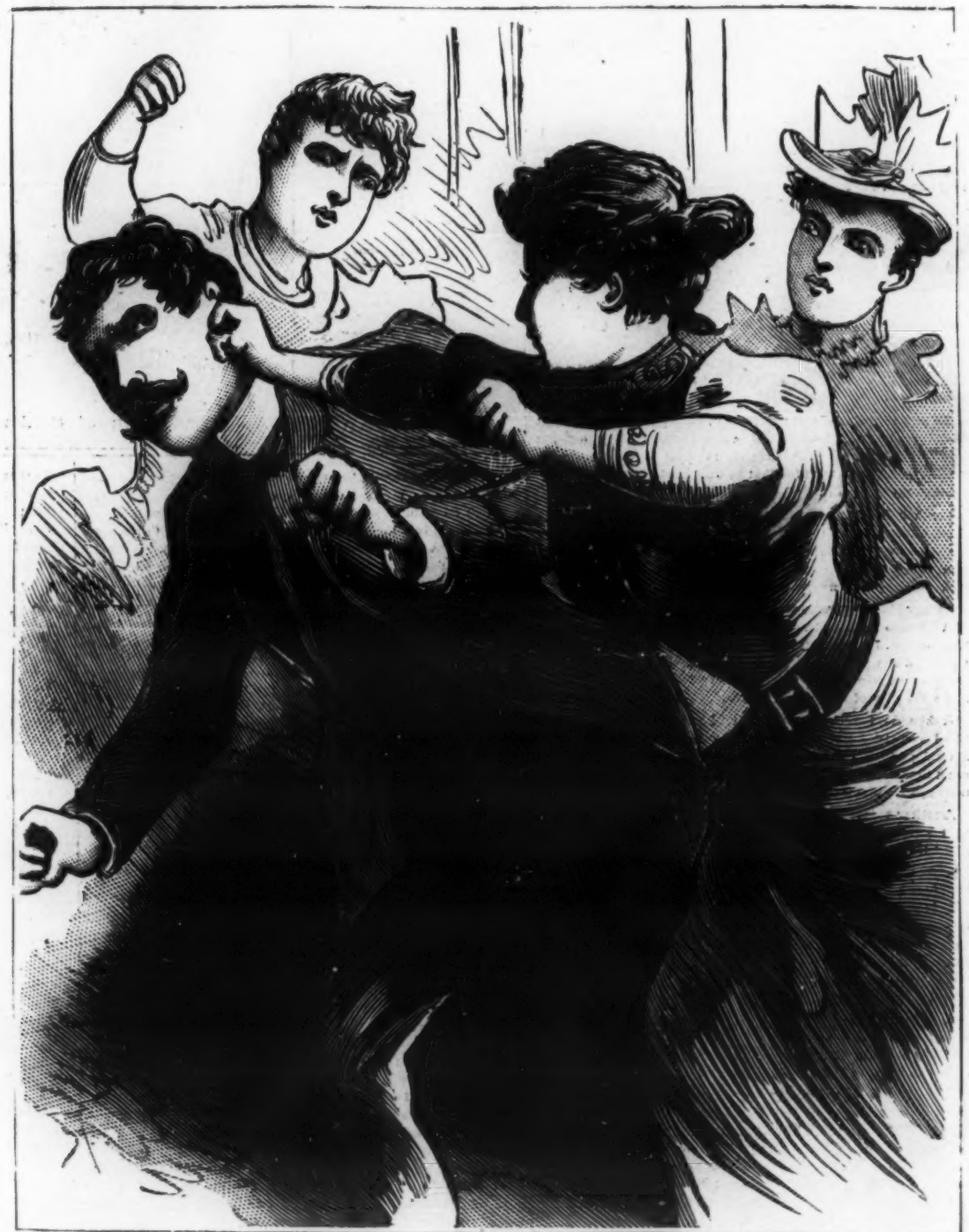
PROFESSOR HERRMANN.
KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS A MOST WONDERFUL
MAGICIAN AND CONJURER.



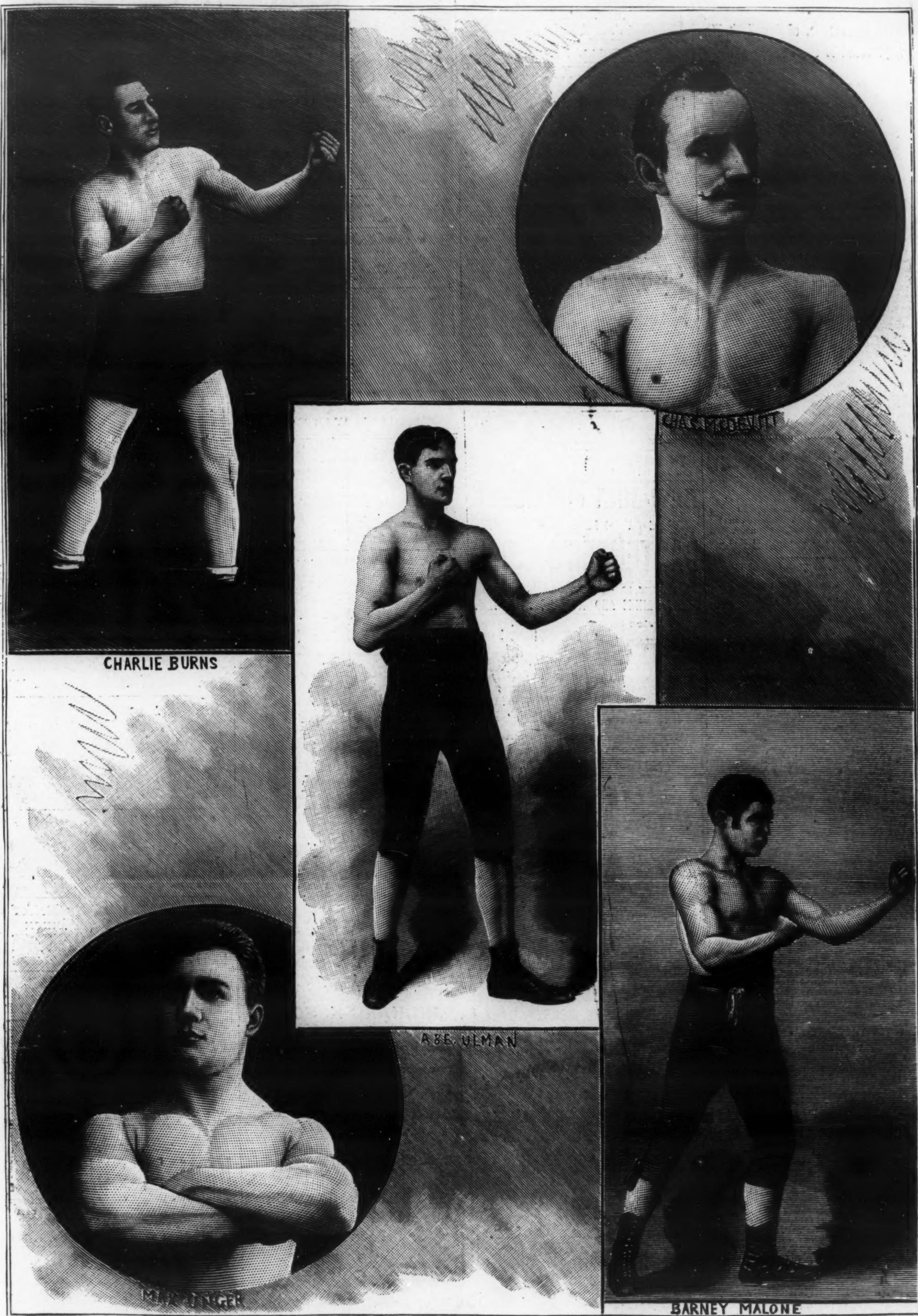
CAUGHT A MILLIONAIRE.
PRETTY SADIE M'DONALD, SOUBRETTE, WHO WILL SHORTLY
MARRY AN AUSTRALIAN.



SOCIETY WOMEN TURN WAITRESSES.
THEY TAKE THE PLACE OF STRIKING GIRLS AT THE COLON-
NADE HOTEL, ST. PAUL, MINN.



THEY DID UP THE MASHER.
LAUNDRY GIRLS OF MOUNT VERNON, N. Y., THRASH A MAN
WHO SAID "AH THERE!" TO THEM.



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He also remarks in his letter that if the aforesaid Mr. Mike "will not meet me, he had better give up shaving human beings and try his hand on cats."

He concludes with his own biography, as follows: Mr. Bernard Provenzano stands ready to meet all comers. In his last contest, which he won, with Frank Herbert, he shaved four men in five minutes, and cut three different styles of hair in nine minutes. Mr. Provenzano has a record of shaving a man in one minute.

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